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**FOOT-LOOSE  
IN THE WEST**

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SEVEN HORIZONS  
IN LAWLESS LANDS  
ROMANTIC RASCALS  
FRONTIER BALLADS  
A MAN FOR A' THAT  
DAVID LIVINGSTONE  
AN OZARK FANTASIA  
CHOICE OF THE CROWD  
THE SPREADING STAIN  
TALES WORTH TELLING  
HEROES FROM HAKLUYT  
COURAGEOUS COMPANIONS  
TALES FROM SILVERLANDS  
A PAUL BUNYAN GEOGRAPHY  
ADVENTURE UNDER SAPPHIRE SKIES  
FOOT-LOOSE IN THE WEST

# WEST

*Being the Account of a Journey to  
Colorado and California and  
Other Western States*

*By*

CHARLES J. FINGER

With sketches made en route by  
HELEN FINGER



NEW YORK - - 1932  
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TO  
THOSE GOLDEN-HEARTED COMPANIONS

HENRY C. PITZ

AND

FRANK McCOY



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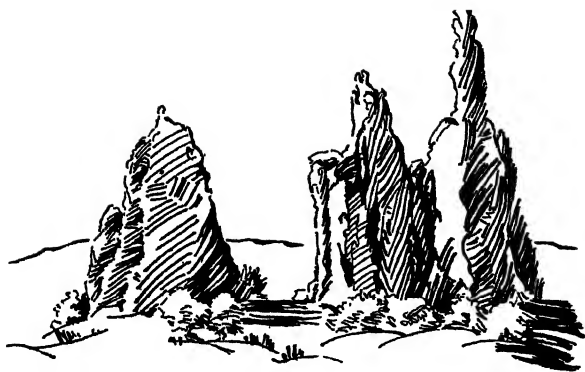
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FOOT-LOOSE  
IN THE WEST





## CHAPTER ONE

### ACROSS OKLAHOMA AND KANSAS

To use a meaningless saying, it made me mad as a hatter when I found that I had missed seeing, by a day, a sight that I could never hope to see at any future time. The beginning of the affair with its comic-opera flavour did not interest me, but an incident did. I am referring to the silly business down at Red River, Texas, when the governors of Texas and Oklahoma, Sterling and Murray, glared in hate over a bridge argument. It was all so childish, and especially so was Murray's remark that Texas rangers were good for nothing but to shoot craps and to cuss. That remark brought about the interesting incident which I missed. For a couple of rangers gave the lie to Murray. Captain Tom Hickman, at a distance of fifty

feet, and shooting his revolver from the hip, hit eighteen out of twenty matches. Then Ranger Ross stuck up a playing card edgewise, and, with his revolver held upside down, split the card at twenty paces. My disappointment was the greater because I have met both Hickman and Ross, and once went with Hickman to the Dallas jail where we saw the outlaw, Yancey Storey, who with his gang had been captured by Hickman and Ross, though the gang lay entrenched in the basement of a house, well protected by a stone wall, while the others had to advance in the open.

What caused me to miss the Red River affair was the coming of a visitor, a man who has achieved some fame in the literary world. However, evil and good are inextricably mixed, they say; and certainly if I missed something because of the visit, I gained something altogether apart from the benefit of companionship. For this man, referring to the latter part of my book, *Adventure under Sapphire Skies*, said that had we gone north-east from Mesa Verde and continued up to Rocky Mountain Park, we would have seen an interesting lake which lay in a hollow that had been scooped out by a glacier. In the manner of an expert on the subject of glaciers, he dealt pleasantly with his material, going on to say that he knew of no geological formation of greater interest. He

added that the lake could be reached only by a journey on foot, or on horseback, and that it was called Odessa Lake.

Hardly had the man left my house when Helen remarked, almost casually it seemed, that a week's outing would fit me for many months of work; then referred, parenthetically, to my horsemanship, speaking well of it, which was pleasant enough to hear although I knew, as the gauchos say, that when the flatterer plays, the devil dances. So I felt that it was a time to parry; spoke of difficult times when publishers could not make new books because booksellers could not sell them; spoke too of the price of farm commodities being so low that it hardly paid to harvest things. Then Charles, in mood facetious, said that if everything looked so bad, obviously there could be nothing to keep me at home. "Besides," he went on, "a trip might have results in awakening thoughts or giving inspiration. You never can tell. Father Noah managed to float a big company when the whole world was in liquidation."

I remember that the clock struck eleven, then, and Helen left us. So Charles and I began a chess game, but before fifteen minutes passed my king found himself in difficulties, as is the way of kings, and Charles had just said the word "Check!" when Helen reappeared. She had changed her clothes, and stood dressed in



buff riding-breeches and laced knee-boots, with a tan-coloured shirt and loose tie. The costume became her very well. Still, I paid hardly any attention to that, for we do a considerable amount of riding. It was her travel bag, well-worn with service and be-stuck with hotel labels and strapped for use that made me give a second look. Besides, her eyes were bright and shining.

"How about that? Ready in fifteen minutes!" she said.

"I'll do the same in ten," announced Charles. "How about you, dad? The car's ready at any time."

So there was a vitally important challenge, with the whole matter resolving itself into a question of the possibility of breaking through circumstances, of severing those imaginary bonds which seem to enmesh all of us in a prison of air, much as the spells of Vivien bound Merlin. And it is that way with all of us. We magnify our own importance in the world of affairs. We go about under the silly delusion that we control circumstances, but all we control is our conduct. Anyway, to cut a preachment short, the circumstances which had seemed to bind us were suddenly curtailed, wrenched asunder, dodged—what you will. We ate our lunch with loins girded and staff in hand, so to speak, in mood vivid and alert; and an hour

after my king got into check we were westward bound. We had torn ourselves up by the roots. We had flung aside responsibility. We had left undone those things which we ought to have done, and done those things which we ought not to have done. So, by all ethical standards, we should have been full of forebodings—but, instead, we knew nothing except adventurous exhilaration. In like manner must have gone forth those adventurers one reads about in old books of chivalry. And it is good to break loose thus, lest one stagnate like a pool and so become self-centered. For there is a world to be seen, and, for the seeing, our days are not too many, nor too long.

#### EN ROUTE

Our way led through the north-eastern part of Oklahoma, which is pleasant enough in the quiet way of the Ozark country, especially in the valley of the Grand River, what with low and well-wooded hills, small farms, tracts of orchards, and many little streams full of tall reeds which often quite hide the water. There were the scent of growing grasses, the glamor of the old green earth, the chatter of birds, a roving breeze and glimmering ghosts of tunes as it touched the telegraph wires, and the sight of men who waved to us when their dogs barked

a greeting. But there were, too, many rickety houses belonging to people on whom fortune refuses to smile, no matter how closely they follow industrious paths. For, as the Spanish say, Where luck is wanting, diligence is useless. Or, as the Dutch have it, The man with luck can plant pebbles and dig up potatoes. Both sayings express truth. It does not do to say that success comes with striving, for there are men who, had they been apprenticed to shoemakers and become experts, would discover, when they were ready for business, that a fashion of going bare-footed had taken society by storm.

At Coffeyville, in Kansas, the Dalton boys came to our minds, because of many a weekly in Beadle's Half-Dime Library. Having been told of an old inhabitant who said that he knew the Daltons well and had hobnobbed with Jesse James, I sought and found him. He wore overalls, a crownless straw hat, and had that look of iron resolution you may see so often in the toothless, and his white hair hung to his shoulders. But, alas, while age may make a man white, it does not necessarily make him truthful. He turned out to be one of those old men who, like travellers, may be said to lie with authority. Upon being questioned, he looked at me with piercing eye through dirty spectacles, took his pipe from his mouth, pointed down the street in dramatic way with his pipe's

stem, nodded sagaciously, then said:—"Many's the time, Colonel, me and them there Daltons played a game of ball where there used to be an empty lot thereabouts. . . . They joined up with this here Quantrell in spite of my advice, and I seen 'em at Lawrence when they set two streets o' fire."

"Why was he called Quantrell?" I asked, after the old man had delivered himself of a mass of misinformation.

"Family name," he said in answer. "I knew the Quantrells well. . . . Two cannon they had in the Lawrence raid." So out of his mouth was the famous, old citizen condemned, for there were no cannon in the case; and the family name of Quantrell was Harte, his first name James. However my denial seemed of no importance to the old man, and I am convinced that his reputation remains unshaken.

There were no adventures after that until we came to Hutchinson, where I met a friend, a musician with whom I had consorted many years before, in Texas, what time we were often penniless and generally near-penniless. We accepted him then as a young genius, and, as you may have noticed, genius and fortune seldom go together. He is not looked upon as a genius now, but rather as a man of repute and an efficient citizen, which is much more comfortable. He told me, as we sat in his garden, things

which seemed astonishing; as that good water could be found anywhere at a depth of twenty feet in Hutchinson, though further below lay a salt stratum more than two hundred feet thick, the deposit of ancient seas. Once, he said, a house in the town caught fire, and well-drilling machinery having been set up in the yard the day before, the well-drillers went to work, finished the drilling, then, with the water thus obtained, quenched the fire. As for the salt, he took me into the mine; and, having seen it, I advise all of adventurous spirit who pass that way to halt awhile and see the sight for themselves.

Down a six-hundred foot shaft we went, into pleasant cool, and through the salt stratum. For an hour or more we walked along streets of salt—streets that were all of thirty feet wide—though it would be more accurate to call them tunnels, since they had roofs. Still, because of the electric lights, they had an appearance of being streets with glistening walls; and when the electric train came rattling along, the impression of being in a street grew stronger. There were many miles of such passages, thirty, I think I heard some one say. But not many men were working. That, our guide told us, was on account of the business depression; though why people should use less salt in hard times than when the wheels of industry are hum-

ming, puzzled me much, and puzzles me still. One would think that the practical and immediate needs of men would make the demand for salt fairly steady. Had I sufficient gold to build a mammoth shrine to Mammon, with ingots piled in the cellar and on the porch, I would certainly not use more salt than I do to-day. However, the financial machinery of the world is a delicate thing, and the heavens alone evade the hands of captains of industry.

Having ascended, we passed between two high factory buildings where the wind blew briskly. Before we went into the mine we had found the breeze cool and refreshing; but, after our hour underground, it seemed like a furnace blast. Another factory near-by would interest us, our guide said, for its products of cartons, wrapping paper and egg-case fillers were known all over the country. So we went there, walked through long sheds, climbed stairs, looked at this and that, got a general idea of an endless mass of fine-shaved paper passing before us on a carrier, to great and evil-smelling vats and tanks. Presently the mass was digested by the giant, appeared again as a brownish scum, disappeared once more in a closed container to issue forth in broad and shining bands of brown which were the finished product. That was the exciting part. The depressing part was at the beginning where a huge macerating machine re-

ceived the product of an army of type-setters, of men who worked in offices, of authors who wrought in garrets, of proud men who wrote best-sellers and rode in high-powered and glittering automobiles. I stood entranced, seeing something of what went into that maw—magazines, political pamphlets, novels, theses written by learned college professors and printed at public expense, best-sellers that had come to an end of sky-rocket careers, sheet music, agricultural statistical tables, poetry magazines containing the feeble flights of those who thought to wing a way to Parnassian heights, books praised as being for all time and other books heartily condemned. All alike went to make a real literary digest at last. And, let it be noted, this factory for the Conversion of Literature into Wrapping Paper was the only institution visited in the course of my twelve thousand mile trip, which was working full time.

My friend fell into a mood of sorrowful contemplation. "Thus," he said musingly, "literature, in the end, results in nothing but a brown scum. Authors should be shadowed by the thought."

"Apparently, the world uses too many words," added Charles, as we left the place.

Which reminds me: Once I knew a man of one poem, though I forget his name, and this is how he expressed his Credo:

“The written word  
Should be clean as a bone;  
Clear as light,  
Firm as a stone.  
Two words  
Are not as good  
As one.”

#### WE ENTER COLORADO

Alas! that Pike's Peak, and the Garden of the Gods, should have been so advertised that, in the minds of many, they stand for Colorado. Because they have been so extensively advertised, there are people who see nothing more of Colorado than those two sights. Others add the Cave of the Winds which is the neatest, most compact, prettiest and easiest travelled cave I have ever seen. Moreover Williams Canyon, through which one passes to the cave, is a narrow, precipitous-sided, picturesque wonder. To those who believe, however, that the peak, and the garden, and the cave should suffice, I would recommend a wicked, old French saying, which runs: “For the sake of the knight, the lady kisses the squire.” So by all means see these which I have mentioned, but do not forget that they are as portals, only.

We went up Pike's Peak in the cog-train and heard the many-times told tale of the conductor,



laughed at his whimsicalities, bought mountain flowers from the little girl who boards the train half way up, tried to see that which we had been told we should see, looked at the confusion of hills from the summit, wondered at the record of men who had climbed on foot, bought and mailed postcards, drank hot coffee and descended by the auto-stage. Later, Charles, drove to the summit in our car so as to estimate exactly what the quality and quantity of joy ought to be to one who does things single-handed. Also we went to the Cave, then to the Garden of the Gods where we marvelled at the red monoliths while a man told us to wonder at and visualise the slow upheaval that caused them. I say slow, because the man said it, and he was one who seemed to speak with authority because of his owlish look of wisdom. He handled millions of years with enviable ease. Still, I could not help but remember certain things: as, for instance, that careful measurements made in the neighbourhood of Valparaiso, Chile, showed that during a period of seventeen years the ground rose at the rate of about seven and a half inches a year, which is not so slow, cosmically considered; also, that at Arica, the land rose out of the sea no less than a hundred sixty-five yards in forty years, as the lengthened jetty there proves; also, according to my reading, at the time of Herodotus, the

mountain of Lade was an island, near which the Ionian galleys fought a battle with the Persian fleet, but Lade now stands in the middle of the Menander plain. I like to be cautious with my millions.

Elsewhere, in the Garden of the Gods, we said scathing things about the man who, by some quirk of the law, and a stranger quirk of his brain, had enclosed, with a very unsightly board fence, the Great Balancing Rock. The explanation of this astonishing sight was told to us but I forget what it was. One does not willingly remember silly things. It had something to do with land-ownership, and with the man choosing to hold out of use something he himself could not use. However, we cursed him privately for his greed, and his barbaric selfishness, and his dehumanising obstinacy, then expressed a hope that he would never collect enough to pay the cost of his board fence. They say that in defending his act he puts up a good argument; but then a man may talk like a wise fellow, yet be a fool.

#### NOTE GUSTATORY

/ By great good fortune we found, in Denver, the finest cafeteria in the United States, and, therefore, in the world, for that invention has not taken root in any other country as far as

I am aware. I recall that as we passed the glass racks where lay the savouries and salads, the fruits and preserves, moved by the pleasant sight, I remembered, and repeated to myself a passage from Keats' *The Eve of St. Agnes*. Were caterers of literary bent, they would write the lines on their walls. Here they are:—

“ . . . a heap  
Of candied apple, quince and plum and gourd  
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,  
And soother syrups tinct with cinnamon;  
Manna and dates in argosy transferred  
From Fez; and spiced dainties every one  
From silken Samarkand to cedar'd Lebanon.”

Also I remembered Ruskin, how he told an inattentive world that “cookery means carefulness, and inventiveness, and watchfulness, and willingness, and readiness of appliances; it means the economy of your great-grandmothers and the science of modern chemists. It means tasting and no wasting.” Then I bemoaned the age in which cooking is almost a lost art, when married folk buy ready cooked meats, and pre-digested foods, and things cooked in factories, and bread already sliced, and bacon cut into strips ready for frying, and butter made in bulk so that the adventure of taste is no more, since what is eaten on Monday is exactly like that eaten on Friday, and when the frying-pan

is the only cooking implement the use of which is known; and when, as consequence of all these, indigestion has become a national curse and constipation the common lot of man, and when so many men die untimely deaths because of poor cooking that mortality by battle takes second place. Burdened with such high thoughts and noble sentiments, I hesitated over chicken-pie, duck and green peas, and roast mutton, until the maiden behind the counter, calm and clear-seeing, said words of serviceable advocacy. So I was infinitely helped by remembering Thackeray's:—

“A plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,  
I prithee get ready at three,  
Have it tender, and smoking, and juicy,  
And what better meat could there be?”

Therefore I went on with my tray, nurturing a joyful and generous hope in which I was not disappointed.

But, let me say in parenthesis, far too often we do not get mutton when we call for it, in this large and multitudinous world of ours. Mutton, to be mutton, must be the flesh of animals which, when young, underwent a certain surgical treatment; and too many farmers, from timidity, or greed, or lack of skill, fail to prepare their beasts. Wherefore we get that unpleasant taste which people who do not know

call "woolly," and so condemn as mutton that which is not mutton at all, but the rank flesh of rams. Now if you could taste a leg of mutton properly prepared and properly cooked, roasted and not baked, for the two processes are vastly different although the terms are used indiscriminately, then would you praise the gods as the men of Homer did. And you may as well know, because Colorado is a land of good mutton. Have, then, a bright, wood fire, without smoke, using hickory and dry oak for fuel by preference; then let your leg of mutton, suspended at the end of a long string, turn slowly, meanwhile basting the joint of meat often, with its own gravy, and properly seasoning it with salt and black pepper, with a pinch of sage when it is half cooked. Then shall you have a dish of excellence, the outside fat of a rich, golden brown, the natural juices sealed within the meat, the flesh always tender. You will not need manufactured gravy, a mixed-up mess of flour, not fit for discriminating men. And, to complete the dish so that your guests shall hail you as men hail a conquering hero, let your potatoes, thinly peeled, cook in the dish underneath, done to a turn in the dripping gravy. You may have mint sauce too, but not that which is wrongly called mint sauce, a little mint swimming in hot water. Proper mint sauce should have the mint very thick, sugar and vinegar

being added while you are suffused by the glow and warmth of a reverent temper. With such a dish, out of gratitude for the cook, you will believe in the brotherhood of mankind. The day on which you partake of such a meal will be one on which you can be in no mood to find fault, whatever may befall.

But we shall never shine, nationally, in the cooking field, until we get the courage of old *Doctor Johnson*. You remember, how, at the inn between London and Oxford, where he was dissatisfied with the roast mutton, he scolded the waiter, saying, "It is as bad as bad can be; it is ill-fed, ill-killed, ill-kept, and ill-drest." In similar cases, anywhere in America, the national habit would be to eat and suffer in silence, then give the waiter a tip.

#### A SIDE TRIP

We had intended to head for Odessa Lake without loss of time; but on visiting the Denver Library the librarian and his assistants made things so pleasant for us in an upper room, what with cooling drinks and good conversation, that we changed our plans. Some one happening to speak of the grave of Buffalo Bill, Helen declared that the trip would be as dust and ashes did she not visit it. Also, I recalled privately how, being in low water on my return from

South America, I rode in the circus pageant which Colonel Cody called The Congress of Nations. I recalled, too, the benign aspect of Buffalo Bill, what with his goatee, and his Stetson, and the fall of flowing white hair that appeared under it, though many said that his luxuriant locks came off when he removed his hat. However, others held that he was a hero, not because of his looks, but because he saw more clearly, judged more calmly, reasoned more pertinently, and spoke more reasonably than any man on the frontier, and the free and full possession of his faculties enabled him to turn himself to whatever was demanded of him; also, Fortune smiled on him, and to be fortunate is a very important ingredient in the making of a hero.

So we made our pilgrimage, going to Golden, then riding up the steep slope to Wild Cat Point which is 7304 feet above sea-level, where we saw the grave and wondered why it should have stuck in the public mind, as a most noteworthy achievement, that Cody killed 4,862 buffalo in a single season for a railway construction company, when buffalo, on the run, are as easy victims to a rifle as sheep in a flock, if we are to believe Parkman. As we stood by the grave, I found my mind running on Kit Carson, and Daniel Boone, and on how life lived by the frontiersman was far easier and more

pleasant than life lived by the pioneer farmer, and a thousand times more preferable than life as lived by men in cities who work in factories.

We went, then, to the Buffalo Bill Museum hard by the grave. It is something of a hodge-podge, yet, it would seem, highly interesting to people who enjoy that sort of thing.

An elderly woman there with bobbed hair, seemed in a state of great enthusiasm about everything, but, by some unlucky trick of the memory, she had Buffalo Bill mixed in her mind with Theodore Roosevelt.

"I remember, honey," she said to a little girl who accompanied her, "when he organised an army called the Rough Riders, so they elected him president. He did something too about cleaning New York streets with a lot of men he called White Wings." She added, as we passed her, voicing a truth greater than she guessed, "History is a wonderful thing."

Twenty miles west of Golden is Echo Lake, so we went there to find as pretty a spot as may be found in Central Colorado, especially when it is seen from the great window of the stone house at the west end of the water. The lake lay before us, a blue-green mirror edged with dark pines, reflecting a burnished cloud, and no sign of life except the silver scimitar of a leaping fish, and a tame bear which sat pensively looking into the water. The stone house is a



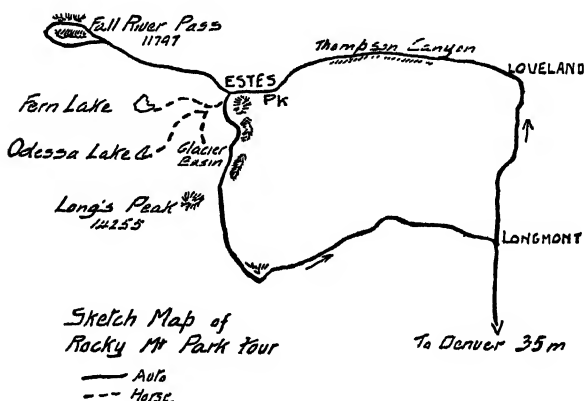
curious building with a central reception room, circular in shape, and a fireplace of stone, or four fireplaces, to be correct, served by one chimney—but so vast is the chimney that by no means can the mass of stone ever become warm enough to heat the hall. A Westminster Abbey chill pervades the chamber. For me, Echo Lake must always stand in memory as the only place in all this world where I enjoyed lettuce salad. To be sure the fried trout was excellent, but fried fish at its highest pitch of perfection may be had in other places—in London streets, for instance, where tourists do not go; in shabby-looking eating houses where fish and chips are a specialty, as in a place I know in Victoria, B. C.; or in the unsavoury shops in the back streets of Ayr, Scotland, where you must eat in company with common people. Fried fish in its glory can never be enjoyed by the rich in fine hotels, because chefs of renown get too far away from simplicity. It cannot be eaten at a small ceremonial dinner at home, because women insist upon observances of certain rituals connected with serving, whereby the fish gets cold and unprofitable. Fried fish, in short, is a plebeian dish to be enjoyed only by those of occasional low instincts and rough and ready ways. The eater must wait while the fish is being cooked, and must be ready to eat when it is put into his hands; and it must be served

hot, without any seasoning except salt and pepper added by the eater, certainly without sauce. Done properly, the fish which must be quite fresh, and boneless, should be dipped in batter, next dropped into boiling grease of a depth to receive the entire piece. . . . But as to lettuce, I shall hold to my dying day that the product of Echo Lake district has no equal for crispness, for nuttiness of flavour, for coolness. All other lettuce compared to it is as rags—wilted, limp, tasteless, lacking fragrance. So sweet is this vegetable as grown at Echo Lake, that only a man of extreme coarseness of appetite and taste would take manufactured dressing with it. Take this from me, a man of continent speech.

Your run back to Denver should be by way of Chief Mountain, Squaw Mountain, Dedissa Park, and Red Rocks Park. In this last, tremendous masses of red rock are exposed, miniature mountains most curious to see. It is an upthrust of red sandstone from which the overlying and underlying strata of shale have been washed away. We came upon it from over the shoulder of a hill, expecting nothing of the kind, so the wonder was all the more impressive.

## ODESSA LAKE

Odessa Lake, the Canterbury of our pilgrimage, being in Rocky Mountain Park, we went up to Longmont, then took the road running by St. Vrain Creek, a pleasant one, with mountains, high and blue, well in sight all the way.



You remember that Parkman, in his *Oregon Trail*, tells how he camped on the St. Vrain, and saw Long's Peak. You remember, also, how Editor Greeley had his dream of founding a community here.

We stayed, for the night, at a chalet perched on a mountain-side overlooking the valley in which lies the village of Estes Park, and the inn-keeper turned out to be a brother of Enos Mills. From my bedroom window I could look

across the valley and see Deer Mountain, and McGregor Mountain, with Big Horn radiant and royal, rising in majesty behind them—all of them steep, dark, and furrowed by mountain streams. It was delightful to wake at sunrise, and, looking out, while I lay abed, see the heights touched with pink, the rifts in the mountain-sides a deep violet. But with incredible swiftness the scene changed, and a wider horizon loomed; for, with the rising mist, the mountains lost their regular lines in the clouds that hung about them. A new world came into being.

A pang of jealousy shot through me when we got to our horses; for time was when I took pride in my cavalier outfit. It was Helen and Charles who were trim, and they, not I, who mounted in fine style, landing in the saddle with a little leap, holding reins and barely touching mane with left hand, the right swinging free, as horsemen should. I wore a pair of military puttees that I had picked up in a general store in the village, which, having slipped and slid, gave me the appearance of a run-to-seed member of the Foreign Legion. However, an inspiring canter across yielding turf drove all that mild discontent away, and soon we were in a forest of aspens, quite dense, on a winding way that touched, here and there, a mountain stream where beavers had been busy; and not a

tree had they attacked which had not fallen in the proper direction, for the creatures are skilled workers. When the aspens fell away, which they did after a couple of miles, we found ourselves riding through a wilderness of house-high, fantastic rocks which had dropped from the mountain on our right, what time some enormous landslide had taken place. From there the path led sharply up-hill by a zigzag trail.

After we had ridden some distance we became aware of a man on foot, very active and very swift, who seemed to be headed for the same point that we were, but, by avoiding the twisting and turnings, he was making much better time. First we saw him far below, and immediately forgot him. When we saw him again he was much nearer, only two or three steps in the zigzag path below, but going at a good rate. It seemed impossible that he would ever catch up with us. When we again beheld him he had passed us. We turned along the path, looked upward through an opening in the firs, and saw him wave to us. When we next saw him he had achieved far heights. Later, we ceased to wonder at his swiftness, for we learned that he had come within four minutes of breaking the record for climbing Pike's Peak, his time being a few minutes over four hours. (And, while I have it in mind, while we were in Colorado, the

automobile record for running up Pike's Peak was broken, the time standing at seventeen minutes and ten seconds. So much for Pike's "unscalable mountain.")

When we were well among the pines and spruce, we became aware of a persistent sound like melodious distant thunder. In a short time it changed to a pleasant musical note, like the diapason of a church organ, to which we became so accustomed that we ceased to notice it. Presently, having climbed a shoulder of the range, we knew the source of the sound, as we came in sight of the falling mountain torrent which was Fern Falls, a glory of white water tumbling merrily, with an attendant rainbow. And the gods be praised that captains of industry cannot lay hands on it, harnessing it, spoiling it as they have well-nigh spoiled Niagara, talking about using energy while they utterly ruin beauty, prating of enriching the race while robbing it, erecting things of iron and steel where are beautiful prospects!

And, while on such things, here is a piece which I clipped from a newspaper, entitled To the Captains of Industry, and signed with the name R. M. Campbell.

"The heavens alone evade your hands;  
Untracked the heights, uncaught the solitary  
star,

Throwing a benison  
To this young evening, tremulous and soft.  
The winds have borne your wings;  
The ether speaks;  
And lightly into glass the hot sun leaps.  
Time suffers change; the night is eyed;  
Rivers go fierce into electric bonds.  
Alone the heights evade you.  
And the solitary star  
Shines still unbartered  
For the Unbartered God."

Just as we caught sight of the falls, the climbing man in the Stetson hat was going on after taking a rest. The exhilaration of youth seemed to be in him, and its effect upon Charles was to make him dismount, turn his horse over to me for leading, and manage the rest of the climb on foot.

At nine thousand feet, it may have been nearer ten thousand, Fern Lake burst suddenly upon us, a miniature of Lake Louise in Canada. Then there was a riding along-side of a happy stream, a trampling of ferns, a skirting of a precipice, and we saw Charles, sitting by the side of Lake Odessa, looking with vast interest at the mighty slash that had been cut, long ago, by the advancing glacier. Also we saw the dove-coloured sheet of mountain snow that was part of a glacier; so Helen and her brother must needs ride along the edge of the lake, and

a little further up the peak to touch snow and ice in July. So they went on to follow their lively inspiration, while I sat in a patch of warm sunshine to smoke, and to listen to my horse make those contented noises which horses make when they discover lush grass.

I became aware of a man, a little way off, stretched out on a flat-topped granite rock which made a promontory that ran into the lake. A second look, and I knew him to be the mountain climber. He appeared to be perfectly comfortable, so, I thought, would resent the intrusion if I addressed him. Also, I could not bring myself to break the music of the mountain stream with talk. There was that brittle beauty about the whole place which words would shatter, what with the quiet of the lake, the gleaming silver inverted mountain that lay in the water, and the sky like marigold which I could see far down.

When, nearly an hour later, I heard the voices of Charles and Helen as they returned from the adventure in the snows, I climbed the granite rock and fell into talk with the mountain climber, and so it came to pass that the four of us took our lunch in company. Because of the talk we had, our trip became extended quite beyond expectation. For never, in all my experience in many parts of the world, have I met a man more enthusiastic about places worth



visiting, or who knew more about the corner of the world in which he lived than this chance acquaintance. His name was Rastall, and his profession, civil engineer.

"It is unthinkable," said he, when I had told him why we were there, and that it marked the end of our journey, "that you should come thus far and see no more than this." I noticed then that his eyes had that brightness which belong to people who are mentally alert. He told us where, next day, we could enjoy an exhibition of ski-jumping, where we could see men at work placer mining, where we could meet old-timers who had lost fortunes and hoped to find them again. He spoke of granite mountain walls with trails cut in them, over which one rode with a thousand feet of sheer rock above and a thousand below. He told of sights we had not seen at Mesa Verde, of erosive wonders near Creede, of a vast territory of sand dunes, of hot springs and black canyons, of a scientist of repute who was excavating and finding traces of a primitive culture where no one had suspected any such could be. There was much more, and as he told of it a curious zeal pervaded the man, so that my heart warmed to him. Not once did he mention shirt factories, or bank deposits, or the possibility of "selling the scenery to tourists," as foolish boosters of places put it. So then and there we decided that we

would not return as we had intended, but would adventure as we chose, almost without plan.

Thus it came about that we returned in company with this man Rastall, and, in his automobile, he drove us along Fall River, and to Fall River Pass, which is 11,797 feet above sea level; and there we saw mountain peaks and mountain passes, and glaciers, and lakes in the distance. Also, at one place when we were returning to our chalet, we met many great trucks, snow-laden, coming from a glacier and going down to Estes Park. That was for the exhibition of ski-jumping.

It seems hardly credible that man would go to the trouble to haul snow from a glacier, transport it many miles, haul it up a mountain side and spread it thickly along a quarter of mile steep place to make a ski-run; and, after that, incur the expense of an insurance policy to protect themselves against loss lest a rain should melt the snow—but all of that a few men did, their leading spirit not a financier or a showman, but a landscape painter. His pictures hang on the walls of many a western home, and his backgrounds may be seen in many of the cases where groups of wild animals, stuffed, are on exhibit in Denver. David Sterling is the man's name, and he lives in a spacious and sunlit atmosphere.

We paid our money, hung a tag on ourselves, saw, and enjoyed. True that we had to wait, standing, for more than a half hour before the games commenced, but there was much to take in; the drifting crowds, the many automobiles from near and far, the people who had dressed as if for an arctic exploration and others for a warm summer day, the majestic folk who sat stolidly in the grand-stand, the athletes who were to compete and who walked about in high elation, the flappers who tried to catch attention, the coloured folk who were as frankly happy as members of that race always are, the loud-speaker making announcement of events forthcoming to which no one paid the least attention, the flags that cracked and spanked in the brisk breeze. When the games began, it was exciting to stand at the landing-place and look up the stretch of snow-slide; to see the runners, far up, poising themselves for the start, some of them with arms folded and some with arms outspread like wings, using their hands as planes—then the swift shooting down the slide to the leaping-place; and the leap into the air, during which some made little circles with their arms, while others made flapping motions—then the landing, and the anxious time, with many a good man coming to grief, while others, more lucky, or better balancers, coasted down victoriously, slid up the landing slope in a

pretty curve and so came to a gallant finish amid applause which they feigned not to hear.

I enjoyed the excitement of it all very thoroughly until a well-meaning but mistaken friend of William Marion Reedy haled me to the grand-stand; for there I could see nothing except the jump, while the sight of the start and the swiftly increasing speed was hidden. But then whoso sits with the dignified must needs sacrifice much of genuine pleasure. At least so I have found it to be.

The serious part of the exhibition being over, there were ski-girl jumpers, none of whom did well. They achieved bumps rather than jumps, and were coquettishly dressed for show rather than for snow, and they paraded their legs as though legs had not long ceased to excite. So, with one thing and another, it was difficult to persuade oneself that the day was the last in June; and that a few hours before we had stood on the edge of a snowfield a little above timberline, surrounded by white-streaked peaks; and that a few days earlier I had sat in a hot room listening to platitudinous talk by Kansas politicians while the thermometer dallied in the vicinity of a hundred degrees. We were enjoying a pageant of contrasts, not least among which was the contrast between the ski-jumping exhibition with its noise and lively excitement, and the cool quiet of David Sterling's studio.

There was Sterling among his pictures, looking like a roughneck what with his battered, old Stetson and red neckerchief, his knee boots and corduroys. But his work showed nothing of that slap-dash; instead, the production of an enthusiast. For him there are no artistic innovations. A shaft of sunshine lancing through pines, the arabesque of shadows on mountain snows, the fire of autumn when green gives way to scarlet and gold, a June twilight seen from the edge of a mountain lake, an aspen grove at break of day, a mountain valley white with fresh fallen snow—such sights and scenes captivate Sterling. The man works, I should say, with incredible swiftness, and his physique enables him to see things, in his long mountain tramps, which many other artists of more delicate constitution could never hope to see.

But Denver had to be visited again, not alone because it stood as the portal to other sights, but because I wanted to see the archæological enthusiast of whom Doctor Rastall had told. So we returned by another way, down the picturesque canyon through which Thompson River runs, a ride full of interesting surprises, for the canyon walls are often sheer, and the river runs swiftly, and many are the twists and turns one must make between Mount Olympus and Mount Palisade. And we saw more than a

few fishermen standing in the water with lissom rod, dreaming golden dreams of silver booty.

Leaving the canyon, one is in a level or slightly rolling country, very fertile and pleasant; and at Loveland, which is sixteen miles from the canyon's mouth, there is no more time for scenery. For a main-travelled highway runs north and south, wherefore no man, because of the traffic, may travel without a mood of grim austerity. Also there are advertisements, glaringly painted filling stations, people in a small way of business who erect signs calling attention to doubtful comestibles, amusement places, picture-palace announcements, and all combine to make the auto-driver's task as difficult as can be, as though commercial-minded men were in league to raise the fatality statistics. There are people in Colorado, as elsewhere, who have the child's belief that if they spend money in paint to be used in huge and ugly lettering, they will, by some magic, lay hold of commercial prosperity. They do not see that blatant advertising may become something very close to insult, just as shouting in a man's ear is an insult and an offence; and insult cannot add or invite to business relations.

I advocate a Society for the Abolition of Obnoxious Signs, each and every member of which shall be empowered to destroy that which is inartistic, offensive, ill-spelled or set in any

way to detract from the beauty of the scenery. Such an organisation might serve to protect us against the constantly growing aggression of the fool, the knave, and the viciously ignorant.

#### A SOCIAL AFFAIR

Your good traveller takes care to know something of the social life of the country through which he passes, but I do not mean the social life as found in hotels. There are people, mostly the stupid rich, who, visiting a round of hotels, go about the world seeing nothing and experiencing nothing but what they could see and experience in the home town. They very effectually exclude the unexpected and the novel, and determine exactly beforehand what they shall see, and what manner of people they shall meet. They travel in weariness and drowsiness, and they seek places where dulness reigns triumphant. To Appear, not To Be is their aim; whereas to live is to grow, and growth means change, and change has to do with widening environment, and widening environment with widening needs. . . . The immediate cause of this reflection is a dinner party.

The guests included that man of redundant happiness, the mountain climber; a young man named Carhart, who struck me as knowing a good deal about Indian life and old-time border

men, but who, for the sake of bread and butter, I suppose, writes two-gun stories for pulp magazines but is far too honest to regard that sort of thing seriously. Then there was a man called the "Colonel," affected, a sort of pudgy, grown-up, spoiled boy, who asked silly questions. Another man, companionable, from the East, gifted with great vitality, who occupied the editorial chair of a nature magazine, a hearty fellow who was frank enough to admit that he knew little of nature, but proved that he knew a great deal about journalism; an earnest man named Haanstad, whose passion was flower photography, and who showed us, later in the evening, some fine specimens of his work, and who seemed to be very popular with all out-of-door men; a tall professor, who seemed to have some very definite schemes about agricultural conditions; a man named Griggs, one of the emphatic sort, executive-minded, direct. Then there was a young man named Pike, who had some sensible ideas about concentrating the efforts of the many Chambers of Commerce, and Lions Clubs, and Rotarians, besides other similar organisations of well-meaning men without definite plan of action, who are like regiments marching and countermarching without any commander, with no goal in sight. One man attracted me strongly, an archæologist named Renaud, who had come in from a survey



of Eastern Colorado. Thoughtful enterprise seemed his characteristic. He was quiet in gesture and manner. At one time, when the dinner had come to an end, and we were smoking, with the company rearranged, I found myself next to him, and we talked of men we had known, of the Reclus brothers, of Kropotkin, of Lubbock. (Nor could I repress a grunt when the Colonel, catching the name Prince Kropotkin, tried to wrench the talk around to an experience of his with the Akkound of Swat, though his effort fell flat.) The upshot with my talk with Renaud was a determination to extend my tour very considerably, to Arizona and to California, but especially to see something of the Hopi Indians, and very especially to see more of Mesa Verde. And, so wonderfully do things ramify in this multitudinous world of ours, that when I did reach Mesa Verde, two weeks later, and when I talked with the Superintendent there, Mr. Finnan, a great light broke in on me which made me revise everything I had accepted as to the Mongolian origin of the primitive men of America. This was the light: The wheel was an invention quite unknown to the American Indian!

The wheel unknown to the primitive men of America! Have you ever considered it? You see no sign to the contrary. The Aztecs knew no wheel, neither did the Incas. We have

abundant record to prove that. Consider the linguistic families of American Indians north of Mexico: Esquimauan, Athapascan, Algonquian, Siouan, Iroquoian, Shoshonean; also their many family subdivisions—none of them used the wheel as a means of transportation. Consider the pictorial records of the ancient men of Mesa Verde—there is no sign of wheel being used. If you think awhile, you will see that the absence of the wheel implies much, for the wheel is an invention of immense antiquity in Asia, of such immense antiquity that almost it is taken for granted, as is the needle, in every culture. If, then, this continent was peopled as a result of an exodus from Asia by way of the Aleutians, as those who try to account for the Mongolian traces in the American would have us believe, could that exodus have been before the people of Asia knew the wheel? If so, then the age of man on this continent reaches back to a time before the Piltdown Man. But Hrdlicka tells us, and he speaks with authority, that Man, on this continent, is of recent appearance. There is a bare supposition that those who made the exodus may have known of, and forgotten the wheel, but that is almost unthinkable. So there is a problem. One hazards that both primitive Asian and primitive American came from a common stock, the split occurring long ago, the Asians inventing the wheel

after the split; but that is nothing but a guess. Anyway, I came away from the dinner with my horizon largely extended; very happy, too, to see all that energy and activity, and all that evidence of a desire to discover and develop.

#### EN PASSANT

There are many things to be enjoyed in this world, and, among them (sometimes), auto camps. This new thing is not so new, when you come to think of it. In many respects the caravanserais where Barthema, and that greatest of all Moslem travellers, Ibn Batuta, came to rest many a time must have been very much like our modern auto camps, except that the modes of transportation were different. And there were, in the Argentine, years ago, certain resting places at which men stayed, where the life and movement somewhat resembled that which you may see at auto camps. Of course we did not conduct ourselves in the Argentine as we conduct ourselves at these modern resting places, for always there stood a boliche near-by, down south, a fortified place where the owner, for security's sake, pushed copas of whiskey out through a little wicket in a barred window after one had laid down the price, then closed his opening again. For Indians, and gauchos, and men of the pampas often met to settle old

scores, and, being fired with ouatcheki (which was composed of equal parts of alcohol and water, with a little burnt sugar added), would hack at each other, and spill each other's blood, while those not concerned looked on as one would look at a dog fight. Sometimes, too, money not being available, there would be a move on the part of some high-spirited fellows to seize the stock of liquor, wherefore the barred doors and windows. Men known to be of less coarse appetites were admitted to the boliche, in which case they found themselves in a sort of bar-room, the floor of which was either bare earth, or boards covered with corrugated iron beaten flat, the bar likewise strengthened; and the host wore a revolver, or had a knife handy on the top of his gin barrel, all for the common welfare. It was a form of preparedness for the uplift of the race. So, as I said, there was a difference. The similarity of caravanserai and of boliche to the auto camp lies rather in a spirit of camaraderie. In boliche as in auto camp men met, exchanged views, made friendships, compared notes, heard those opinions which govern the world, found their higher faculties stirred, had their horizons enlarged by contact with other active and enlightened minds, and all that sort of thing.

Which brings me to the immediate cause of this reflection: At a camp I saw a young woman

of the self-assertive and smart type who, like so many you meet en route, tried to give the impression of one belonging to a superior social group. You will find many of that sort— young men who refer airily to their connections and wealthy acquaintances, middle-aged men who give the impression of leading a life devoted to golf and bridge, young women who hint at the possession of intellectual faculties which their words belie, dowager-looking women, nearly always fat, who profess themselves to be of infinite sensibility and impressionability.

The young lady who attracted my attention fell into conversation with a plain sort of man who looked as if he owned cattle on a small scale. He wore a Stetson, dust coloured clothes of a serviceable sort, thick soled shoes, and a heavy shirt of dark coloured stuff. The two were seated on a double bench with a single back, they on one side, I on the other, and the conversational subjects ran, first on the condition of the roads; second on the weather; third on the backwardness of the country (that was the lady's contribution); then by way of the lady's expressed astonishment that the paucity of cultural life was such as it was, to a discussion of books and reading. She said that she loved to read, that she supposed that men wholly absorbed in the striving for wealth could never find time to read, that the reading of

books led to humanity, justice, truthfulness, honesty, honour, self-respect, and much more. They were not her words, but she indicated as much. Then she asked the man what he liked to read, and he answered that it was poetry.

"What kind of poetry?" she asked.

He thought a moment, then said, "Well, there's Ben King. I like him. There's this here Riley. I get a kick out of him. But the names don't stick in my mind. I just like to read any poetry, especially the bits in the children's school books."

Then the young lady, to drop into a style of Eastern allegory, rolled up her sleeves and spat on her hands. She showed the man how his taste was absurd, how he was old-fashioned, how he failed to catch the true spirit of poetry, how there had been a fundamental change in the minds of men and how a new literary age had dawned on the world, how there ought to be codified experiment. She talked and talked, and he listened, wonderingly, perhaps. At any rate, presently she took from the seat a magazine which was entitled

BLUES  
LUES  
UES  
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S

the editors of which seemed to have an objection to capital letters, for their names, printed across the cover, read

gottfried benn & johannes r. becher

She told the stockman that she prized the magazine highly, and in the course of the conversation gave it to him; but as she went away before he did, and as he left it on the seat when he went, I secured it, so am able to copy the poem which she read to him. Here it is:

“Not much more than being  
thoughts of isolate, beautiful  
being at evening, to expect  
at a river-front!

“a shaft dims  
with a turning wheel;

“men work on a jetty  
by a broken wagon;

“leopard, glowing-spotted  
the summer river  
under; the Dragon.”

She read that with an air of triumph, her eyes aglow, then asked the man this, “Now what are your reactions?”

“Well,” said he, “I don’t understand it.”

“You are not attuned,” she told him.

He pondered awhile, then added, "There's no sense in it. It's goose-gabble."

She seemed glad at his answer, and said, "It's the poetry of the future, you see."

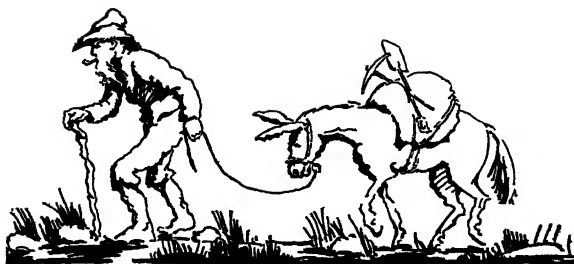
"Well," said he, "it may be. But if it belongs to the future, what do you want it for now? That's what I want to know. Maybe they'll be wearing clothes like Mr. Gandhi in the future and if so all right, but I'd look funny going about dressed like that now. . . . Put it this way. Now I've got a bit of an office at my place. It ain't much. Just a cubby-hole with a safe and a table and a chair or two. But suppose some drummer came in trying to sell me a pyramid shaped safe that stood on its tip, tellin' me that it was a futuristic safe, wouldn't I look like a fool if I bought one? Or suppose a young woman got to cavortin' round in my mother's day, when they wore long dresses and these leg-of-mutton sleeves—suppose she got to cavortin' round in knee-high dresses and lip stick and all that, tellin' people it was the dress of the future! How about that? Seems to me that the future belongs to the future, not to to-day."

The young lady said much more, mainly about the Absolute, much too that was incomprehensible. But I gathered that she yearned more for sound than for sense, "the music of the word" was how she put it; and the stockman



also gathered the same, for he said, "Take care of the sense, and the sound will take care of itself," and there the interview ended. But the next morning I heard the stockman singing softly to himself, "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doone," as he busied himself about his car, and the memory of the poem stayed with me for many a mile that day.





## CHAPTER TWO

### WAYS TO LEADVILLE

THERE are three good ways to get to Leadville and beyond, from Denver, all of them interesting. I tell this because people know so little of their own country, especially when the way is somewhat off the beaten track. For example, I know a professor of geology in a third-rate college who asked me whether it was safe, because of Indians, and Mexicans, and rough country without water, to consider a trip with his wife from Kansas City to Mesa Verde. I state the fact, leaving all inferences. He had taught thousands, from books which they might have read for themselves if they possessed determination. He held fast to his job. His belly was crescendo, his brain diminuendo.

As to the three ways: People in a hurry go by way of Fairplay and the Hoosier Pass; but not in winter-time, because the pass, being ten thousand three hundred feet above sea level, is

apt to be snow-blocked. A second way is to go down by Pueblo, then along the Royal Gorge route, where you see the highest suspension bridge in the world, and so along the Arkansas River northward, an interesting way. But, as we planned to see the Royal Gorge on our return, within a week or so, we took the third way. Another reason for leaving the Gorge until we had more time was this: In the Canyon City prison lay "The Black Phantom," Allen R. Dowden, old-time stage-coach robber, whom I wanted to see at leisure. Lone-handed, years ago, he had held up people in Montana and Wyoming. For other bold robberies, in California, he had served long sentences in San Quentin. Because of a killing in Colorado he received a life-sentence, thirty-three years of which had passed. A prison keeper told me that the old outlaw had become very good-natured, and at the age of eighty-two had passed from the mood indifferent to the mood philosophic, pondering on the strangeness of things that he should be suffering penalties for errors and wrongful deeds committed by a personality which was not his present personality, since no part of him, physical or mental, was that which had been Dowden thirty-five years before. But I did not see him at all, because when I passed that way again the old man lay on his death-

bed, regarding his approaching end in a light-hearted way.

#### A RICH EXPERIENCE

Pallas Athene favoured us at Colorado Springs, and may favour you who read, although adventures do not come by design. The sight may be there for any to see, but because of indolence, or blindness, or any one of a hundred things, you may not see it. It depends largely upon yourself. As the Arabs say: "If an ass go travelling he'll not come home a horse." One mountain there is, called Cheyenne, and on its top stands a hotel, a finely graded road leading to it. There are strange sights to be seen on the way up; ostriches, bears, a lion or two, besides other caged beasts; for the man who planned the road and hotel had it in mind to make a zoological garden. But no man who knows anything of wild life will rejoice to see caged animals, and it is all nonsense to say that there is something of educational value in prisoned creatures. It was better, and more interesting, to look outwards when climbing the road; for like a map outspread lay the valley, with a road that ran from the town along a hill-side, then disappeared into Bear Creek Canyon, reappeared to skirt the Cheyenne Canyon where the Silver

Cascade Falls flashed, then wound like a snake into Cripple Creek Valley.

The notable sight is to be seen only by those who bestir themselves before sunrise and stand on the pinnacle of rock that juts out from the mountain top, provided conditions are right. They were for us. The world was an ocean of clouds, and I, like Zeus, stood above all. It was In the Beginning, and things were without form, and void. Mistily, mountain tops came into being; then changed to islands in a storm-beaten sea at grey twilight—a sea with tethered tides, with waves suspended in full career, with stinging hail floating light; a sea white and blue-grey, violet-touched where eddies were, under a faint sapphire sky. When the morning breezes were unloosed with the rising of the sun, the ocean of clouds began to move slowly, so it seemed as if the solid rock on which I stood floated along as one floats in a dream, nor did the sensation of moving cease until, through a rift, a corner of the town showed. Soon the sea broke into clouds, crimson-tipped and silver, except in one place where was an appearance of a lake washing a leafy shore which rose into a craggy mountain, densely wooded.

I would not have missed that sight had it been necessary to climb the mountain on foot. But I was very glad indeed that we were alone, with

no one philosophising, or releasing their souls with ineffable "Ohs!" and "Ahs!"

I have read somewhere, I forget where, how some young lady exclaimed, at some similar sight, "Ain't it lovely? . . . It makes me want to do something big and clean." Whereupon an annoyed man said, suavely, "Why don't you go and wash an elephant, then?"

Some day, when an International Travel Bureau is established, I shall start an instruction class for sensible guides, who, I hope, will interest their hearers telling how gold was discovered hereabouts, or a little to the south, because some one salted a mine which turned out to be a paying investment; and how a sheepherder, thinking of nothing at all, picked up a piece of ore that assayed \$250 to the ton, how he discovered a vein of sylvanite, how he went to town and came to experience a friendly sense of contact and geniality with bartenders and others, how he grew mellow and became esteemed, how he sold his claim for \$500 and spread the good news far and wide; how this Bob Womack passed out of the story, but how the treasure house of which he had found the door yielded more than \$342,000,000 worth of gold. It is all true, though the gold did not come out in nuggets of a size which the ne'er-

do-well picked up in Ballarat, large as a leg of mutton.

And, let me say in parenthesis, if travel is to be transformed into increase and newness of life, the education of guides is a great need. A man took me to see the sights, who cherished a delusion that nonsense talked about men of money was the proper way to enlighten and entertain. He would fling out a hand in the direction of a gate, or a high fence, and say, "There's where Mr. Midasbaum who invented the Short-tailed shirt, lives. He's worth . . ." and so go on to name some stupendous sum of money. Or, pointing to the roof of a building, he would say, much as a man might say when telling, regretfully, of the disappearance of a tame Ichthyosaurian, "Mr. Croesus of the chain stores used to live there," and another staggering figure in dollars would follow. To talk of millionaires seemed to give him highest and purest joy, and the man of money-getting pursuits stood, in his eyes, as a demi-god living in celestial glory.

There are still people of that sort who worship money and position. Everything, to be admired, must glitter. For them a parade of bank-balances alone would thrill.

## A PETRIFIED FOREST

Talking about the wrongful boosting of things brings to mind the interesting thing that is to be seen at Florissant. Some one, mistaking bigness for interest, has called it a Petrified Forest, but it is not that. A dozen trees, or tree stumps, petrified or otherwise, cannot be considered as a forest, even with poetic license; therefore should not be so advertised. Wrongful advertising quenches interest. Few things are more annoying than to come to a place, expecting something startling, because of erratic boosting, and meet disappointment. Consider many best-sellers, that are seventh-rate books, pushed into prominence by first-class boosting! Being told of a Petrified Forest, one imagines standing trees, turned to stone as by the touch of an enchanter's wand; and, seeing what is there, it takes some doing to leap back into happiness. This Florissant wonder is a collection of white, fossilised red-wood stumps standing in deep pits, the result of excavation. It is not what one sees that constitutes the interest, but the train of thought that comes at the sight. For there are other phenomena: fossilised sea-shells; fossilised fish, that look like X-ray photographs made on slate; fossilised shark teeth; lava; evidence of eruptions of ashes—very much indeed to indicate that seas



once rolled where Florissant now stands, a mile above sea level. So one looks in wonder at these masses of white stone, like fluted cathedral columns broken off, which were once trees; and, while the guide talks, one speculates about the gods of water, and of fire, and about old Chronos. For here, once, lay a sea-bottom. Here, too, once lay land at a level of the land now at Sequoia, where horses about the size of a fox roamed. Near here, too, a volcano erupted, and lava, and scorix destroyed vegetation. Also, over how long a period no man may guess, the land for thousands of square miles around, slowly rose; and there were sudden deluges, because of volcanic activity, so that the whole country-side was a boiling paste of mud and water; and there were earthquakes, and a slipping and sliding of mountains, and a wearing away of rock by stone-laden rivers which cut vast chasms. Elsewhere, for a long period, a crust of ice of inconceivable thickness crept from the north, slowly pushing hills before it, and doing its work so thoroughly that to-day the bare base-rock is like polished granite; and dark and miry masses of mud, and water, and stone at the ice-cap's edge filled defiles and ravines; and there were wild thunderings; and there were crashings; and the earth trembled and shook. There were strange humped, and horned, and armoured beasts

which have left their tracks, and their fossilised skeletons. But there were tens of millions of creatures that disappeared from the living world to leave no sign. So it would seem that man has as his home a world very dangerous and insecure; and the high gods must be transported by the absurdity, seeing him fretting and worrying through a life of incredible brevity, seeing him accumulating resources to slay his fellow man, seeing him strutting in his pride and conceit. But the less we dwell on such matters the better. There is a world to see, though few see it. I can imagine a Judgment Day when those who have not seen, may, by a merciful deity, be sent back to mend their ways.

We went across the plateau called South Park, to the town of Buena Vista, where, some day, people who overeat will go, as Europeans now go to Baden; for tradition has it that the waters cure rheumatism, catarrh, and many other ills that grow out of self-indulgence. Many an afflicted old gentleman, possessed of great wealth and attended by nephews and nieces with a sympathy, a tenderness, a pity almost divine, should be sent here, according to local report. Certainly, the men, hereabouts, who fell forests, and who dig in mines, and who hold the plough radiate health; but whether their condition is due to the drinking of mineral

waters and abundant rest, or due to something else, I am unable to say.

#### LEADVILLE AND ITS CHIEF

So we came to Leadville, two miles above sea-level, a mining town with a past, once known to all the world as a place of vast promise, as were also such vanished places as Barefoot Diggings, Brandy Flat, Centipede Hollow, Cut Eye, Hell's Delight, Petticoat Slide, Scorpion, Shirt-Tail Canyon, Shin-bone Peak. And the king of Leadville is John Cortellini, who insists that Leadville is not dead, but sleeping; and Cortellini's mind is all daylight. He knew Leadville in its most uproarious days: when its streets were thronged with incomers, and its population numbered forty thousand; when it had its brass band, and its fire-brigade, and its faro banks and gambling houses running wide open in all honesty, and its many saloons, and its society folk who rode about in phaëtons drawn by high steppers, and its opera house, and its theatre, and its livery stables with imposing façades. Up it sprang, suddenly, in the valley between the Mosquito and Sawatch ranges, with the discovery of gold. So men were rich overnight. One of them, the story runs, played much the same sort of game that Arnold Bennett's *Mr. Racksole* played; for,

going with his gold, and in his rags to Denver, and being received without that cordiality he expected, he showed men what's what by buying the hotel out of hand, firing every one from bell-hop to manager, then running the institution according to his own notion. That was one of many instances of men money-mad. There were others—men who spent small fortunes giving firework displays; men who hired hotels, and ran a free-for-all while the money lasted; men who called for sandwiches, and, to show their liberality, placed fifty dollar bills between slices of bread, then devoured the whole; men who lit cigars with five dollar bills which they thrust in lamp or candle flame; a man who built a theatre because he wanted to see a play acted which had delighted him as a boy; men who bought oil paintings for fabulous prices, carried them many miles, and hung them in their mining shacks; men who drove horses with gilt hooves, flinging money abroad as they went. Leadville was a scene of fierce activity, its people vividly exuberant. Then everything came to an end when the free gold ran out, so many thought the very world had crumbled.

But the story of rivers of gold had gone abroad, and from the ends of the earth men were coming, Irish, Swedes, Cornishmen, men from Sardinia; and among the last was John Cortellini, hard-headed and observant, indus-

trious and hopeful. So a new life came to Leadville, new wealth too; for men found lead, and silver, and zinc, and copper, and bismuth, and manganese, and more gold. But now, what with the general unrest, what with the vanishing of the richest deposits, what with a thousand things that ail and worry the world, Leadville seems likely to become a fast-fading memory. I walked through one short street and counted some two dozen empty houses, and there were many, very many more in other streets—in some cases doors and windows had gone, and in others merely a shell remained, while a few, owned by the perennially hopeful, carried signs telling whoso cared to see, that they were for rent or for sale.

"You can have a house for what you want to offer," said a man, "a hundred dollars, fifty dollars, twenty dollars. You can have some for nothing." Then, throwing out a horny hand, he asked, "But who wants 'em?" He, however, was a gasoline station man who deserved the hopelessness that had fallen upon him, for, after waiting some time during which we made the welkin ring with our horn windings, I had to seek him, and found him shooting craps in his back yard.

Of a different sort is John Cortellini. May Pallas Athene be good to him, and favour him, and treat him as she treats her favourites! For

John believes in the wealth of these mountains as something secure and everlasting, and is backing his belief with hard cash. He is on the trail of the mother lode, and acknowledges no defeat.

On a cold, moonless night he took us out to the shaft he had sunk in the hills, three miles from Leadville. The memory of the scene affects me like an etching I saw once, the work of Mari Bauer—the darkness, the looming mountains, the suggestion of tram-rails, the lights of the distant town, the group around the great hole in the ground, the earnest face of the man, Cortellini, seen in the doubtful light of the lamp he held. . . . In a little while I understood his enthusiasm better, an enthusiasm based on knowledge. For he led us to a mine shanty, an office, and there, in dim light, he began to display map after map, revealing different levels of the Ibex, and other mines, miles and miles of shafts running this way and that, to stop where the lead had played out. I did not understand, nor did the others who were there understand, but it was evident that what were mysteries to us had a meaning for the man who could read the signs.

“And so you see, it must be that the mother lode is here . . .” he said, coming to an end, and in his voice rang a note of victory, like the roll of drums. The man was a potent influence,

and his influence came from lifelong devotion to a special branch of knowledge; but to many he spoke an unknown tongue. Thus might Columbus, and Magellan, have tried to make fools understand that there was a beyond, and a beyond. They knew other spheres, but common men could not understand their vision. But then, how should the purblind see those who stand aloof on Olympus? Also, why should those who stand on Olympus heed the laughter of scoffing fools? And there were, among those of us who stood on the mountain above Leadville, that night, some who tittered. One stood at my elbow, a stranger there, who, I wager, had never done a day's honest work in his life; and, like a fool, he seemed mighty pleased with his folly. His name was Alexander Something-or-other, and he came from a city, and he was small of stature and pot-bellied, and he leaned on a cane. He made a striking contrast to John Cortellini of the lion's heart, direct and emphatic, one whose very presence inspired confidence, the sort who lead men to triumphs, the kind that is happy because he has not lost the sense of adventure. The one was all words, the other all deeds. The one was all pretence and show, the other all sincerity and earnestness. One was a heart of gold, the other a tinsel-bestuck clown.

And, while I have it in mind, there is this:

Because, by a coincidence, there chanced to be six strangers in town, including ourselves, there had to be an exhibition of hospitality; so some one arranged a dinner to which we were all invited, and where we were introduced to the citizens, each by name. In the centre of the table, as ornament, stood a piece of clay modelling done by some local man. It represented an old-time miner plodding along with his donkey, which went, heavily laden, with pack, cooking pots and pans, and other gear. The figure of the miner hunched along, carrying pick and spade, smoking. I have seen, in many an exhibition, work that was far inferior in execution. The excellence of workmanship, the vitality, the proportions, all bespoke a skilled hand with a sense of character. Its creator saw beauty in the homely. The piece would have stood out if placed in contrast with much that is produced by farceurs and fakirs of the modernistic school.

#### GENERAL TABOR

To talk of knowing something about Leadville, and not knowing something about William H. Tabor is like knowing New York without being aware of Broadway. Tabor's history is part of Colorado's history. Tabor was a sport of Fate, but whether Fate was kind or cruel



depends upon the way you choose to look at things. But before Tabor walks on the stage, look for a moment at the salient part of the stage's setting, a golden one. For gold was first found in Colorado in 1858, and the yield, up to 1878, was nearly eighty tons. Of silver it produced more than eight hundred tons. Then, too, lead and copper were found in abundance. And, as much of the gold, at first, was taken out with pick and shovel, and rocker or riffle boxes, many a man as poor as a church mouse at the beginning, found himself with more money than he knew what to do with. But of all the suddenly rich, Tabor stood highest. For picturesqueness no one approached him, and his career and that of Timon of Athens run closely parallel in some respects.

Here was a man, a ne'er-do-well, past middle age, who found his way to Colorado over the plains in a wagon, a wife and child with him. As for luck—well, you remember Bret Harte's character who

“Mined on the bar  
Till he couldn't pay rates”

and how, with him

“It was rough—mighty rough;  
But the boys they stood by,  
And they brought him the stuff

For a house on the sly:  
And the old woman,—well, she did  
washing, and took on when no  
one was nigh.”

That was something like the average run of the luck of Tabor. Only where Bret Harte's man

“ . . . kept a-peggin' in his usual ridicilous way”

the man Tabor sat down and played poker, or waited for the end after a life of poverty passed in keeping a grocery store. For ten years he did nothing much, going about from pillar to post, as miners went from strike to strike, until Slabtown, afterwards named Leadville, came into being. There he ran his grocery and general emporium; and, pitied by the hard-cases (who are almost to a man sentimentalists of purest water), was pushed into the job of postmaster. Then Pallas Athene commenced to take a hand in his affairs, conferred with Zeus and obtained permission to act. Over the hills from Fairplay she sent two shoemakers, both of them without money, who, tired of cobbling, thought to try their luck at gold-digging. In the way of the time and place they looked around for some one to grub-stake them, and hit on Tabor. He, taking a chance, gave them credit for \$17 worth of provisions, for which he was to have

a third share in the luck if they won, or nothing if they lost. In reality the grub-staking meant nothing more than selling for credit what could not be sold for cash. So it all had a very hole-and-corner appearance. However, there was Pallas Athene on the job, with a delirious game to play; and, for Tabor's sake, others had to win as the gods played the game. So the shoemakers struck it rich, bought Government securities to keep them in comfort for the rest of their lives, and handed Tabor half a million dollars as his share, and so pass out of the tale. Tabor, convulsed into daring and stunned into something like automatism by the blow, asked the Moffat interests for a million cool dollars for his share, and received what he asked. In less than a year, so they say, Tabor was more than twice a millionaire.

Now, as the Arabs say, Pitch a lucky man into the Nile, and he will come up with a fish in his mouth; and Tabor's luck ran strong. A rapsallion named Chicken Bill conceived the idea of getting some of Tabor's money by the well-known process of salting a mine, but he salted it with some of Tabor's gold. Taking Tabor to the property he showed him the prospect, pointed out the glistening gold, bemoaned the fact that the mine was flooded and that he could not afford to work it, then sold the property for \$40,000 to Tabor on the spot. So all

Leadville laughed, and Chicken Bill went off with his money and drank himself to death because of his great joy, and his cunning, and his clever management. But Tabor, prompted as I suppose by Pallas Athene, put men to work, went deeper, and, lo! and behold, struck a vein that paid \$10,000 a month dividends, or \$100,000 according to some accounts, for two years without a break. Thereupon people began to talk about superior brains, and conquering mastery, and all that sort of thing. Moreover (as the foolish words of rich men are listened to and accepted as wisdom) when, in 1878, there came an opening, Tabor was made lieutenant-governor of the state. Now the sacredness of life of a rich man is such that he cannot be housed as are those of common clay; wherefore Tabor built himself a Denver home that cost \$60,000. People urged Tabor on in other expensive directions, saying that the luxury of the rich gave bread to the poor. And great was the joy of celebration when he took office, accepting the burden and the honour in sweet simplicity, celebrating the occasion with a grand pyrotechnic display that cost enough to keep a family in food and clothes for ten years. And great men did him the honour to be his guests at a banquet. He was flattered too, which meant more spending; and there was

further spending still because there is no such flatterer as a man's self.

Still, the welfare of Leadville lay close to his heart, and, what with real estate, and one thing and another, he made money enough there, apart from his gold mines and other mines, to have satisfied most men. His word favouring a venture bespoke that venture's success. Flatterers became bolder too, and when flatterers pipe, the devil dances. Tabor organised water-works, and a lighting company, and a horse-car line. He built a Tabor Opera House, which you may see for yourself (it is an Elk's Club house now), and to it he brought a Grand Opera Company; and in it, once, Oscar Wilde lectured on Art and Its Message to a house full of puzzled miners. It has been said that Wilde moved his audience only in the direction of the exit.

Tabor in his poverty had regarded property rights with an indifferent eye; but great wealth means great care, they say who know. Jesse James and his merry men were reported to be in the neighbourhood. Several men who were known as being honest, simple, disinterested, incorruptible when poor, finding continued honesty far from lucrative, suddenly suffered a sea-change and went to bank-robbing, and to holding up stage coaches; and, it began to be whispered, some contemplated nobler triumphs by

relieving Tabor himself of some of his care, or wealth. Thereupon Tabor, now a man of comfortable optimism, talked of law and order, and of patriotism, and of security, and of the priceless treasure of liberty—not only talked, but set to work with cheerful industry. He organised the Tabor Highland Guards, as mining companies had outfitted other law-and-order organisations. But the work of dull fellows belonging to corporations was botched and haphazard. Tabor had the eye of a Kiralfy, an eye romantic, spectacular, theatrical. Like Saladin, when he built, that which he built would be of a size and splendour to make men speak with bated breath. Like Sam Houston, he appreciated the value of a scene. He had imagination. He did things with alacrity and enthusiasm. So his sixty-four men were impressive in doublets with facings of red and blue, with kilts and sporran and silver tassels, and saucy bonnet and plaid, with shoes and buckles and stockings and dirk, like a Highland Scot. For some one close to the high-mettled Tabor had been reading the story of Roderick Dhu, hence the uniform of Tabor's Highland Guards. But that was not all. There had to be mounted troops, and Tabor would never do things half way. His unconquerable generosity of temperament dictated big efforts. So he had stables built, bought handsome horses, financed an armoury ;

he had made for himself a sword and belt, and himself "occupied" (as Artemus Ward said) a splendid uniform with epaulets and gold fringe, and black hat with plume and gold cord, and gold plated spurs, and much more variegated radiance. And, amid glitter and fireworks, with banners of silk, The Tabor Light Cavalry rode down the street, horses prancing, General Tabor shouting and playing his part with artistic distinction, the bull-hearted dragoons, fifty-five strong, splendid in red pants, dark blue coats, shining helmets. And there were congratulatory harangues, a grand ball, a banquet, golden-haired divinities to wait at table, every one bright-eyed with enthusiasm, vehement acclamation, and one and all went to bed wearied, dined and wined to the full, and safe.

And in Denver, too, Tabor played his part with distinction and shone like a sun in a cloudless sky. There, too, he built an Opera House with fancy wood brought from Japan, and white marble from Italy, and silk from France, and a curtain painted by a Detroit artist, and programmes for the opening night printed on silk. And, they say with sardonic chuckles, that when Tabor looked upon it he pronounced it good, with the exception of a picture that hung in the lobby with the name Shakespeare printed or engraved on a gold plate.

"Who the hell's Shakespeare, I'd like to know?" asked Tabor.

"Theatre manager and writer of plays," he was told. "The greatest in the world."

Tabor looked at it with disapproving eye, then, flinging out a commanding hand, said in fine simplicity, "Never heard of him. What's he done for Colorado, anyway? Take it down and put my picture up there."

So it was done, and whoso chose could behold the likeness of the man whose income amounted to some \$4,000,000 a year—long-nosed, forehead somewhat low, moustache of the Longhorn variety, eyes fierce, the expression a mixture of imperiousness, defiance, stupidity. It is a face that might have belonged to a farmer, or a shoe-salesman, or a druggist, or a teamster. But, also, it was a \$4,000,000 per annum face—and Shakespeare's was only a face that knew a way through the labyrinthian windings of the hearts of men.

Tabor and the material progress of Denver seemed to be one and indivisible. He owned a large share in the First National Bank. He had bought mines in neighbouring states—Utah, New Mexico, Texas, Idaho. He owned a vast estate in California, and to him had been granted an immense concession in Honduras. He planned to corner the wheat market, and spoke of building Opera houses in New York,



Chicago, Cincinnati, Kansas City. He had important things to say in the management of Denver's greatest hotel. He was building the Tabor Block in Denver, importing granite blocks, squared and trimmed, from Ohio. Men predicted that in ten years he would be the richest man in the United States. He owned transportation companies, insurance companies, lumbering companies, smelting outfits, banks, factories, gambling houses, saloons, railroad stocks and bonds. More and more people talked of exceptional executive ability, and superior brains, and economic enterprise of exceptional nature, and the Columbus of Commerce, and the Man of Commercial Supremacy. They talked, too, of the necessity of a business man in the Senate, and talked so much, and Tabor spent so much, and so many pulled wires, that in 1883 Tabor was in Washington, hobnobbing with notabilities, and head-lined in newspapers as the Wild Western Senator, applauding speakers, introducing two bills asking for two appropriations of \$100,000 each for forest preservation for railroad ties, and for the establishment of a military post in his adopted state. He was a god-send to newspapers in a fairly dull time, keeping them busy reporting his divorce and remarriage to a Wisconsin blonde of twenty-two to whom he gave a \$90,000 necklace—his banquet at which the President was a

guest—the torchlight parade in his honour—his return to Denver, and his lawsuits—his erection of an Italian villa in Denver—the cost of the christening garments worn by his baby daughter, every pin garnished with a diamond, an \$800 robe, flounces that cost \$500 each. The rocket was at its zenith, coruscating, dazzling, admired by all beholders. Then came the dark!

Mines gave out. Banks closed their doors. The Tabor riches vanished like mists. In 1898, stripped of everything, Tabor was living in one room with his family; and in 1899 he died, leaving nothing except the played-out Matchless mine on the outskirts of Leadville, which his widow, as we saw, vainly wrestled with.

#### THE GRAND MESA

A little way out of Leadville we stopped to look at a placer miner at work washing out his pan of manto (as we used to call it in the Andes workings), and I longed to try my old-time skill, but forebore. It is a fascinating sight to see how the man carries his pan of gravel to a place in the creek where the water does not run rapidly, for in swift water he would lose the work of many hours; how he swirls, and turns, and tips the pan, so delicately that nothing except clean stones shall be carried away by

the running water; how, in a short time, nothing is left but a handful of heavy stuff; then less and less, until all that remains is "black sand," which is iron dust and the pure gold. Next, the pan is held over a fire until the water is evaporated; after which, by a little careful blowing, the iron particles fly away, and the gold remains. I have often taken out as much as fifty dollars in a single pan; but, at other times, and more frequently, the pans gave no more than fifty cents. The men with whom I talked in Colorado seemed to be doing fairly well, making their eight and ten dollars a day on an average—and there is always the chance of making a lucky strike. Always you are to be rich next year, and it's a poor heart in which hope cannot find something to feed on. And we all forget that hope is an egg of which one may get the yolk, another the white, and a third the shell. Anyway, the placer miner's life is a good one for those who have not anchored themselves to a responsibility.

The washing being done, the man lit his pipe and I lit mine, then we talked about the way to Glenwood Springs, while he shifted from leg to leg, which was his peculiarity. He also had a nervous habit of stretching out his left arm and scratching himself under the armpit.

"You can go," he said, "by the main-travelled road over Tennessee Pass. It's a good

way this time of the year. Or you can take this here Frying Pan Creek trail. It goes under Mount Massive, and isn't so good, but it's shorter."

Helen asked about the most interesting scenery, and in reply he shook his head, and said, "There ain't none. It's only mountains hereabouts. I've never seen any scenery since I left California, up near Crescent City."

We talked a little more, mainly about gold, and the man hazarded a guess that "all the gold in the world's about played out"; then said that he often wondered where it went. "It's like pins," he said. "There's tons of them made, and no one eats them, yet where's all the pins that have been made?"

Not being able to answer his question, I said, in parting, "We'll go Frying Pan trail way,"—so deciding because the name struck me as being attractive.

He pondered for a moment, then said, "You c'n go to hell f'r all I care," but there was the light of friendliness, not acrimony, in his eye.

"Same to you," I answered; so we shook hands and parted.

A few miles brought us to a ridge-top from which we saw the trail looping in a great bend until it swept into the heart of Mount Massive. That was the four-mile tunnel. Being in it, and under the mountain, we knew the sudden

chill of winter. In one place the walls and floor were thick with ribbed ice, which never melts. So it was like leaping from November to June to come out on the other side, into green valleys and sunshine, where Frying Pan Creek ran and danced on its way to join the Colorado River. Here and there we passed mines and mining settlements that had fallen from their proud estate. Once I saw a ruined house that had been a saloon, doubtless in its time frowned upon by The Company, as such places always are; for, as I well know, having been on both sides of the fence, hard liquor is supposed to be very right and proper for superintendents, and managers, and high-salaried men, and visiting stockholders who, like Sir John Falstaff, know how to get drunk in respectable company; but very wrong indeed for common workmen, whose amusements are always regarded with suspicion. The building reminded me of many a pulquería I had seen in the Argentine, outlawed places much favoured by men of the plains, generally run by hard-fisted, stout-hearted fellows who kept order and administered law much more effectively than an army of politicians, and officials, and policemen can achieve in New York and Chicago. Crime, for some reason or another, seems to be most active where the machinery to control it is most expensive. A husky bar-tender with

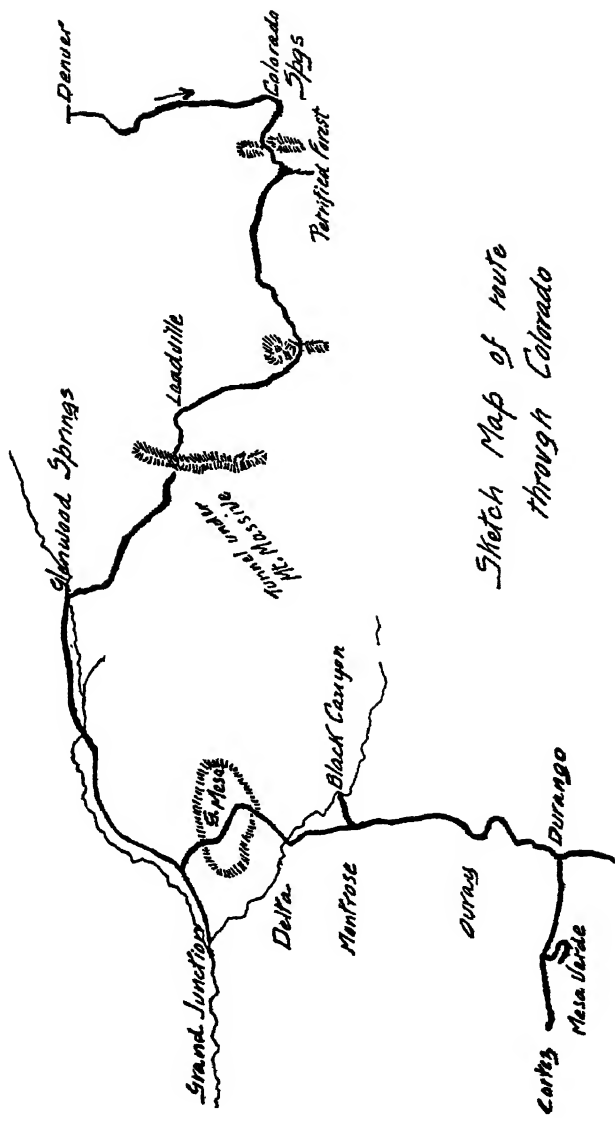
diplomacy and hard fists did wonders, once upon a time, in the interests of law and order.

We had not been five minutes in Glenwood Springs before we parked, went down the bank to the mineral hot water swimming pool, and prepared to swim. In fact wherever we found opportunity we swam; in the hot pool at Glenwood Springs, in the Pacific, in the cold waters of Lake Tahoe, in the warm emerald pool at Ouray, in Puget Sound, in the teeth-chattering water of Crater Lake, in the little pool in the midst of the desert called the Baked Lands, in Yellowstone Lake, in the Gulf of Mexico, in Pecos River where the alkali glues the hair of the head, in the sulphur water of King City, California. Indifference to a swimming opportunity is imbecility in the traveller. Verily, I say unto you, Sadden not the hearts of the young by passing a pool! Somnolence and lethargy, on tour, cannot come to the mature, if they will strip and swim; nor will worry and littleness assail them. Ten minutes in the water, and the mind becomes more open, more flexible, more exalted. To dive where waters are clear and deep, to swim under water where silence reigns, is to touch hands with the gods. It shuts out discords and contentions. It suffuses one with a glow caught from another world. It endows one with higher hopes and aims. . . . Last but not least, one comes from

the water with an appetite ready to make a frank and pleasant business of a meal, and in no mood to regard as an intolerable calamity a tough steak, or a poorly seasoned dish of veal, or an indifferent potato.

And, while you are in the neighbourhood, do not fail to walk to Hanging Lake where a waterfall, called the Bridal Veil, is to be seen. (Oh, the unoriginality of those who give names to places! Oh, the Bridal Veils, the Solomon's Temples, the Lovers' Walks and the Lovers' Leaps, the Springfields and the Farmingtons, the towns named after Revolutionary War heroes, the innumerable Coney Islands, the Troy Laundries, the many Ridgeways and Ridgefields and Ridgewoods and Ridgetops, the army of Poplars and Poplar Groves and Poplar Bluffs and Poplar Points and Poplar Hollows and Poplar Springs, the flock of Pinnacles and Needles and Pikes and Pines, the many Maples sharing honours with the Poplars, the Minerals and Mineral Springs and Mineral Points and Heights and Cities and Parks and Ridges!)

I digress not entirely without reason; for of such things we talked while we walked the two miles to the Bridal Veil. This is no tremendous body of water, but size counts for nothing except in the minds of those statistical bores who like to tell how many tons of rust are scraped off of Brooklyn Bridge annually, or how many



Sketch Map of route  
through Colorado



tons of cement went to the making of the Washington Monument, with much other misinformation to which sensible people are indifferent. What does count is that the sight of the falls is a pleasant one, and on a hot day it is good to stand far enough away to enjoy the spray that flies like jewelled rain; and that the memory of it clung to us when we were in the desert under a broiling sun, as did memories of mountain snows, and crystal lakes, and autumn rain, and wine in deep cellars, and silver fish in a moonlit stream, and ice water in thin glasses with a cool dew on the outside of them, and the comfort of cool things generally.

And, while you are in the Glenwood Springs neighbourhood, you should motor across the south-east corner of the White River National Forest, and by way of Gilman go to the Holy Cross National Forest. It will take the best part of a day; but then few things are more annoying than to remember that a place was missed which need not have been missed, especially if you have to confess remissness in the presence of some ranting Marco Polo in miniature, of encyclopedic ignorance. For it is a picture of most noble beauty that you get when standing on the edge of Snowman Lake, and seeing Hangerman Peak, and Elk Mountain, with their snow and sometimes silver, and sometimes blue as the palest star, and the reflection

of them radiant and royal in the unruffled lake, and the fringe of unstirred trees, and the high scurrying clouds, and the sweet smell of the pines.

About thirty miles west of Glenwood Springs is a road that turns directly west from the main road. It leads to the Grand Mesa, and if you remember your Yellowstone Kelly, the scout, you will recall how Kelly took that trail, met a party of Indians, and disputed the road with them in a non-resistant way, riding onward until the nose of his horse touched the nose of the horse of the Indian chief, then, by sheer white-man impudence, caused the chief to give way.

This road, while it makes a sharp ascent (for the Grand Mesa is two miles above sea level), is easily negotiable by car. A motorist must watch his radiator, though he need not fill his water bag, for Plateau Creek parallels the road a good part of the way. But it is well to bear in mind that the nights are cold on the high Mesa, for it is between nine and ten thousand feet in altitude. We stayed there for two nights, and, during the day fished, saw what was to be seen, and paddled in canoes on the lakes, in pleasantly warm weather. On the second night, in July, there was a sharp frost.

There are trails on the Mesa, very rough, to

be sure, in some cases, especially one which goes for a short way over a stretch of corduroy road through a swamp; so that the motorist must needs have a clear head and a steady hand; otherwise, getting his front wheels sideways, he will know trouble. This particular trail leads to the edge of the Grand Mesa, where one sees over an immense stretch of country, the world outspread below like a view from an airplane. Thus, we stood on the edge of a cliff that ran down to a depth of three thousand feet, and looked over a valley more than fifteen miles across, to see the sharp cliffs of Battlement Mesa with the shining thread of Plateau Creek winding at the foot of it. But try as I would, I could not bring myself to believe that so small and occasional a stream cut that tremendous slash, in spite of the assurances of scientific men. Yet, on the other hand, small as it is, the day before we reached the Mesa, the water had come down with such force and volume that a dozen and more cattle were drowned.

Standing on another height, we were able to look across to the west, in the direction of Utah, and see the Gunnison River, and the Uncompahgre Plateau; then, turning slightly, follow the Gunnison's course between and among a low confusion of hills, which were mountains, until the whole world seemed ridged and furrowed,

lava and granite caps with eroded places between.

On the high hills man must need think of high things; and, thinking, come to the conclusion that he knows very little, and perhaps can never know very much about the beginnings of things. Erosions, oscillations, upheavals, depressions, volcanoes, ice-caps, the pull of the planets, and much other phenomena are, after all, little but play-ideas. There are those who hold that much of this crumpling of the earth's surface may have been caused by planetary perturbations, in part, just as tidal waves, and high tides owe their birth to the moon. That sets up another train of thought. I have read, in an astronomical book, that the most insignificant of the planetary bodies, Eudora, which is only a few miles in diameter, and which revolves in the broad belt between Mars and Jupiter, exerts a force which would snap the cables of Brooklyn Bridge like thread, if the structure were exposed to the force of the pull. What then is likely to happen when the time comes, as I suppose it will come, when Venus (which, I am told, exerts a force of 130,000,000,000,000 tons), and Mercury, and the Sun, and Mars and the Moon, and Jupiter, and the planetoids and Saturn and Uranus, and Neptune all pull in the same direction at once? Alas, poor earth!

## INTERLUDE

Speaking of the storm in the valley, during which cattle were drowned, reminds me of one experience, which was rare. Before we took the Grand Mesa road we went on to Grand Junction where we stayed all night. It was the night when Schmeling and Stribling were fighting for the championship, and, as we went down the street, later, the details of the fight were being broadcast through loud speakers; and we, never being out of hearing of one sound projector or another, had a continued record all up and down Main Street. However, that is not the Interlude.

This is. No sooner had we entered on the stretch of road leading from the valley to Grand Junction, than the light of day faded to a sickly green, and a thick, grey-red cloud, scudding low, blotted out the higher cirrus clouds. The wind leaped at us from a direction at right angles to our course; then came a flurry of dust; next, the air became laden with sand particles that stung; so it was good to find the shelter of an oil station at the edge of town. Hardly had we stopped there when down came great hailstones, balls as large as cherries; and so thick the shower, that, in a few minutes, the streets were white, as with new fallen snow. The storm lasted about twenty minutes; then

the sky cleared as rapidly as it had been overcast, and an evening sun shone bright. When we reached the hotel, we saw a large limousine that had passed us while we were in shelter; and the owner called our attention to its roof, which had been pierced in many places by the hailstones.

Such storms are rare; but, if you remember your Jules Verne, he describes one or two as happening in the Patagonian Andes. But while I lived in Patagonia many years, it was never my fortune to see one. Similarly, the best exhibition of an Aurora Borealis, I never saw in the Arctic; but in Arkansas, two or three years ago. Likewise, once, crossing the Equator, in the Atlantic, it grew so cold that we were chilled. So we were very glad to add a mountain storm to our record of Nature's caprices. One should know places, just as one knows individuals, in their savage as well as in their quieter moods—the Newfoundland Banks in a fog, the desert in a time of blazing heat, the mountain top when one has to lean against a mighty wind, a city during a traffic jam.

Which reminds me, because of the contrariness of things: While we were on the Grand Mesa, where not a car was within sight, I remembered a poem, the poet's name unknown, about a Traffic Policeman, and here it is:—

“Calm midst confusion the Policeman stands,  
Directs our ways and keeps us to the Right,  
Issues to all and sundry his commands,  
Dives and Lazarus equal in his sight.

“Alike to sheep, and goat, and motor hog,  
He preaches courtesy and brotherhood,  
Reducing all the formal Decalogue  
To the plain gospel of the common good.

“His firstly is the ancient Thou Shalt Not,  
With, for a sign, a red infernal glare;  
For secondly, he turns the yellow spot  
Of the Wise Virgins’ lamp, and bids ‘Pre-  
pare’  
And, Third and Last, he wishes us ‘Good Day’  
With a green benediction on the way.”

#### THE BLACK CANYON

We had heard about the Black Canyon many times, but not many who told of it had seen it, though many declared intentions. So we went to Montrose, on a Sunday morning, arriving just as people were coming out of church, and the Four-Square-Gospel folk seemed to be settling down for a long session. Through the doorway of a store room we saw the hortatory preacher, coatless, with suspenders dangling, gesticulating furiously, shouting to an inattentive audience of not more than a dozen. When I had steered the car, by misadventure

and ill-calculation, into a place that was *verboten*, a young man came out of the hotel and waited patiently until I had readjusted matters, with much backing and filling; then took our bags into the waiting room, after which he went behind the desk to attend to the business of registration. So there was nothing about him to distinguish him from any one of a thousand hotel handy men, and I would have forgotten him had it not been for a chance remark which I overheard a little later.

The hotel man, a fellow evidently intellectually weak, but overbearing to those he looked upon as inferiors, said to the young man, "Whatcha do wi' yoursel' Friday 'n' Sat'dy?"

"I climbed Mount Wilson with two friends," answered the young man, modestly.

The other grunted in a way that seemed to say it would have been to the young man's imperishable good had he stayed in the hotel lobby; for, if you will observe, much may be contained in, or inferred from, a grunt. In this case it seemed to mean, "Look at me and see a thoughtful, patient, and laborious mind, worthy of respect and imitation. I climb no mountains."

I spoke then, asking the young man the height of the mountain; but the older man interrupted, saying that it was "Moderate," in a careless way, as one might have referred to



a heap of sawdust. I repeated my question, addressing the young man pointedly, eliminating the other. The lad then told me that it was 14,200 feet, so I asked other questions.

"It was a pretty stiff climb, but we were roped," the young man said. "Cold packs of mist filled the valleys below. We didn't get up until near sunset because the rocks slope upwards near the top."

The fat man became utilitarian. "'N' you didn't see anything after all that there trouble when you got there," he said, with a touch of scorn, and the young man answered that they did not go to see, but to do something they wanted to do for the sake of doing. The other laughed unpleasantly, then nodded at me; and laugh and nod meant, "A fool's pleasure costs him dear." What he said, was: "Climbin' a mountain, to come down, is fool's work. It's like throwin' stones over a wall, then pitchin' 'em back."

Having said that he seemed thoroughly disgusted with the folly of men; so, in the way of one who endures sorrows that cannot be dismissed, he turned to the so-called "funny sheet" of his newspaper, leaving the young man to me.

It came out, bit by bit, that the young mountain-climber and his two friends had, from boyhood, made it a practice to climb every peak to which they could get. He named the names

of many, telling me their elevations; and, as he went on with his tale, I came to know that the trio had often met adventure of dangerous sort, what with scaling precipices, climbing mountain chimneys, surmounting difficulties on glaciers, getting over rocky barriers; often doing what had to be done in a wind of great violence and in driving snow. Yet they sought no publicity. Of equipment, camps, bivouacs, ice work, he spoke with knowledge. What he had to say about skiing was worth hearing. He knew something about geology. Sometimes, unexpected touches of description fell from his lips, as when he spoke of "dove-coloured snow on the heights at sunrise." His ambition was to be the first upon some peak; "but," he said, "there's always something on every top to show that some one has been there before." He added, happily, "But once or twice I've been the second to leave a record."

For a time, at the beginning, my interest seemed to awaken a kind of suspicion in him; for, as he told me, no one thereabouts was in sympathy with his adventurings, indeed seemed to think his passion a sign of weak intellect. Several times he and his companions had climbed down the granite-sided Black Canyon, by way of keeping their bodies trim. When I saw the Black Canyon, that afternoon, and thought of the three lads climbing down that

smooth precipice, I could not repress a shudder.

And the Black Canyon is well worth seeing, even though one must go twenty miles off the highway, and up a steep ascent. I forget the exact figures, nor do they much matter; but from the edge, down to the Gunnison River, is more than a thousand feet sheer; and from lip to lip, across, is also more than a thousand feet. Down to the white, wavering waters runs the granite wall, and, except for the silver line that is the river, the depth of the canyon is lost in a dark purple haze. To think of men making their way down that cliff-face, gave me the same sensation of fascinated dizziness which I have when looking at a scene etched by Piranesi.

At the promontory called Echo Point, we made trumpets of our hands and shouted "Ha!" and "Hello!" as so many have done, delighted for a while, at the ghost voices shouting in return. But, with all who have thus shouted, I have my doubts whether a single one has ever called out anything worth repeating. Once, when looking downwards, I chanced to laugh at something said, and up from darkness old came a noise, as if of imps in unrestrained uproariousness at the folly of men: "Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!"

## HORSE THIEF TRAIL

If it is your first experience of this very pleasant part of the country, you will have an interesting ride from Montrose to Mesa Verde, and you will do well to make Ouray a stopping place. It is one of the attractive towns of the world, set, as it is, in the midst of lofty mountains, deep-slashed with gorges. Once, like many another mining town burning the candle at both ends it seemed as if every one had become acquainted with magical secrets, knew short cuts to everlasting wealth, held the strings of a Fortunatus purse; so every one spent at a prodigious rate. The soldiers of Cortez and Pizarro, the Count of Monte Cristo, Timon of Athens in his golden days were no more lavish than the citizens of Ouray. But, of a sudden, the golden stream dried up, and, for a time, the time of reconstruction, it was all a bewildering business. Yet things never work out what is called logically, and Ouray did not sink into despondent poverty. So, after a vivid youth, Ouray settled down to a quiet life, and, I am told, more is being taken out nowadays from the working of low grade ore, than was produced in the wild days. The people, instead of flinging their gold and silver about like drunken sailors, spend it in a way that enures to their greater comfort. But they still spend, though

like many of us, they now put their money back into the ground.

Which reminds me of a poem, though I do not know the poet's name.

“In Africa, and other distant places,  
The soil, though often grudging of its  
wares,  
Breaks out into benevolence and bears  
Large crops of gold, in ponderable traces;  
And all the hungry, speculative races  
Bring picks, and spades, and crank-and-  
wheel affairs,  
And dig and dig, until they're millionaires,  
(Or till they're not, according as the case  
is.)

“There is a converse case, and it is mine,  
Who, being on a little farm intent  
Have sunk sufficient gold to build a shrine  
To Mammon. Does it pay me cent per  
cent?  
And do the ingots cluster round my door?  
No, not a bit; it only asks for more.”

The Horse Thief Trail is well worth riding over. As soon as we had swum in the hot-pool, wondered at the expansiveness of the hotel dining room, listened to a blatherskite who said that he had a library in his eastern home of the same dimensions, greeted the pleasant man from Denver named Pike, who had come down to

ride with us, and heard the testimony of another man who had much to say of his horsemanship, we got horses and saddled up and rode forth on a bright morning. Looking back as we rode over the shoulder of a foot-hill, I saw, in neatness of detail, the parallelogram of streets, the river like a flashing sword, the three snow-streaked mountains, of which the highest was a tawny steep, with a curling mist about its head, like a diaphanous veil touched by light. Almost directly below, perhaps a thousand feet down, lay the hot-water pool, bronze-green, like a jewel set in silver. Directly behind the town rose a green hill, which looked like a moss-heap from that distance; behind it were tall ramparts that made an amphitheatre, which broke off sharply where a blue valley ran into the mountains. Just before we made a turn, where a tremendous block of granite blotted out sight of the town, settlement and valley were caught in a golden web of sunlight. I believe if a man painted a picture as we then saw things, people would not believe it; or they might accuse him of colour exaggeration, or consider his composition unearthly. I picture no realm of enchantment; only, I believe if people knew of Ouray and its neighbourhood, they would go there, as now they go to the Alps, to praise the natural beauty of the place to the end of their days. The winding road leading to Ouray

would have as many fervent admirers as the way to Rocamadour, because of its frowning mountains, the arching trees, the river that keeps the road company.

The Horse Thief Trail reveals everything that can be revealed in a mountain ride—land-slides, in which the mountain-side threatens to come tumbling; bare plains on the divide, where the wind cuts to the marrow; ravines and defiles; gorges that twist and twine; a mountain of *debris*, which seems as if it would topple into the valley below at the first snow-fall; erratic blocks of granite, as if high-gods had intended to build; pine woods; narrow paths cut into cliffs; snow-banks, and ice rivers; great scoopings, caused by avalanches; serrated and snowy peaks; rocky ridges; dales and glens; roaring torrents; snow covered terraces; tower-like heights; gaps like openings made in battlements; rocks and boulders; views full of grandeur; bold profiles standing out against a clear sky; variations of light and shade; far peaks with a girdle of clouds about them. We stopped for a mid-day meal on the heights, and before we had mounted again were powdered with snow.

The man at the hotel who had referred to his fine equestrianism complained early in the ride of his saddle; then passed from talkativeness to seriousness, and from seriousness to solemnity,

and from solemnity to complainings, and from complainings to despondency, and from despondency to a state of abject misery. I had my suspicions when I saw him mount, and it occurred to me then that the Tartary horses and Barbary mares he had ridden must have been of infinite gentleness, or else were, at the time of his tremendous rides, in moods lacking in ardour and enthusiasm. For there was no joyful confidence in his approach, nor zeal or eagerness. Instead, he exhorted the horse to be steady and drew near it nervously. Happily, the beast was of philosophic cast, tolerant, one that had thoroughly mastered base passions. I saw him, at the day's end, a bent and broken man, climbing the stairs to his room, by help of the banister.

But he was of the type that persists in pretending; showy in a superficial way, but saturated with ignorance; always imposing, or attempting to impose, upon those whom they address. It is a type that feels no shame at discovery, but goes on and on to fresh impositions. When we were riding over the divide, we met a miner who was evidently a foreigner. So, as men will, we began to speculate upon his nationality, and our hero, who had on several occasions referred to his linguistic ability in strange tongues, declared that the man was a Greek. So he began to shout "Hellas! Hal-



las!" which seemed to be as silly a proceeding as though a Zulu should shout, "Venezuela!" at a stranger. It turned out that the man was a Basque.

"I wish I had known that," said our hero, a little later, and went on to tell of the extraordinary difficulty of the Basque tongue, and how those not of that people could hardly ever come to learn it; which, as every man somewhat familiar with French and Spanish knows, is utter nonsense. A little further on we came across a Basque herding sheep. I addressed him, and he answered sensibly and civilly, telling me about his sheep, what poor wages he received, and how lonely the life was. Our hero said never a word. Soon after, I heard him telling Charles of the extraordinary difficulty of the language spoken by the Nairs of India. Then I interrupted, saying: "Well, as to that . . ." and broke off, leaving it to be inferred that I could say more, perhaps converse in the Nair tongue with fluency. For the fraction of a second our hero seemed troubled; but his ready invention came to aid him. Waving a hand in the direction of the snow-capped mountain, he said, "By the way, when I was in Thibet"—and launched into a tale about a Lama of his acquaintance, saying no more of the Nairs.

I will offer a reward to the person who can think of a better name for the road between Ouray and Durango than that which it now bears—The Million Dollar Highway. It should have a name that connotes its interest and beauty, its bewildering glories, its living inspiration. There are so many things that combine to delight—the tumbling river, the La Plata Mountains on the west and the Needle Mountains on the east, the infinite peace of the pines, the hundred views you get as you sweep round the bases of hills, the measureless expanse of valley as you cross the height just before you reach Silverton, the hill roads that invite to the Montezuma National Forest and to adventure into the San Juan Mountains. The name, Million Dollar Highway, has a pompous ring about it and means nothing.

#### MESA VERDE

I shall never cease to wonder at Mesa Verde. Nor can I be within a hundred miles of it, no matter what my hurry, without going there, and, being there, finding something new. For example, we rode on horseback from Spruce Tree Lodge, down the canyon, up to a mesa, and tethered our horses, so that we might be free to climb down the cliff to a ruin in which very little excavation work had been done.

Helen, adventurous, clambered in and out of the windows and doors of houses, and presently came back calling our attention to a discovery. So we followed her into a house and she pointed out the wonder. It was the etched marking in the rock of a baby's foot. Some one, in the days of the cliff-dwellers, had amused himself in the same way that fond parents amuse themselves to-day by marking out the outlines of the child's hands and feet; but where we do so on paper with a lead-pencil, this man has done so on the rock, chipping an enduring record.

No thoughtful person can look at the buildings, with walls so true, with windows and doors so well set, with store-houses made rat-proof, without being full of wonder at this strange people. They had their looms, their musical instruments, their ornamented pottery, their basketry, their temples, their club-houses. The children had their toys, women their ornaments. They irrigated, grew good corn, made bread, domesticated turkeys, had their dogs and other pets. They were an organised people when Carchemish, on the Euphrates, was a Hittite capital. They were a provident people who enjoyed the comforts of life. Then, of a sudden, for a reason that cannot be known, they deserted their buildings, went no man knows whither, and left the country in which their ancestors had dwelt, empty. There are no signs

of war or destruction. It is as if an order had been given by some high chief that on a certain day the people would take the trail, as did the Israelites, or those Tartars of whom De Quincey wrote. They left their looms with the unfinished work in them, their utensils, their loaves of bread, their personal possessions. A few of them settled at the place, a few miles south, which is called Aztec, in New Mexico, where they improved, somewhat, on the Mesa Verde dwellings; but for the rest, what became of them, or where they went, we have only guesses.

I shall not soon forget an evening in Mesa Verde when we were the guests of the Superintendent and his wife at a steak supper on Sunset Point. It was a light-hearted, high-spirited crowd that sat round the camp-fire, joking and telling stories. One of the party spoke of a beautiful specimen of ornamented Cliff-dweller pottery he had seen, and expressed his wonder that it had been so well preserved through those many hundred years. Then the tale came out, how, in the beginning, only a part of the pot had been found, but that part so interesting that further search was made in the ruins. It must have taken weeks of hunting, and of sifting, until other pieces were found; but, on piecing fragments together, it was seen that something yet remained to be discovered. Thereupon

Mr. Finnan and his wife decided to make a more extensive search, beginning at the foot of the cliff, and hunting every inch of ground, every ledge, every cranny. For two years they sought, never giving up hope, and at last were rewarded by finding the missing part; so that the whole thing stands reconstructed as neatly as that Portland Vase, once shattered by a madman, which is one of the finest treasures of the British Museum.

I came away from Mesa Verde as I came away from other places where I looked at the work of early man, believing that a far higher culture existed than we are inclined to credit far away peoples with. Consider the paintings on the pottery where are figures of people. Consider, too, those horses etched on an antler which was taken from La—— Madelaine cave. Then, having considered, try this experiment. Catch, at random, a dozen men from the streets of the town in which you live: How many will you find who can draw figures of men and of horses as well as those done by primitive people, ages ago? There is another thought that comes to me in this connection. The etchings of bone and ivory tusks are said to have been done by men living at the time of the Ice Age, 30,000 years ago, when, as some scientists would have us believe, human beings lived in miserable condition, snaring wild animals and eating raw

flesh. But ask yourself this: Was it not as easy, 30,000 years ago, for a man to catch a newly dropped calf, or an eaning, as it is for us to-day? And having caught the calf, or lamb, was it a matter of impossibility to befriend and tame the mother animal? And having tamed the mother animal would not the primitive man have domesticated creatures about his dwelling place? In short, it was quite as easily possible, as I see it, for primitive man to tame the creatures about him though he had only bare hands and a rope, as it was possible for me, when I lived in Tierra del Fuego, to tame Magellanic owls, and a puma, and a guanaco, and have them all living in amity; as, to-day, where I live, I have cats, dogs, geese and ducks.

Such things are matters of common sense, not of theorising and speculation.

#### ON FIREWOOD

The road from Mesa Verde to Durango crosses the La Plata Mountains by way of a fertile pass, where farmers seem to be as comfortable as any place in the world. There, last year, I bought a fat chicken, which I cooked in the gipsy way—covering it, feathers too, with a paste of wet clay, then thrusting the mass in the glowing embers. When cooked in such way the clay casing can be broken open, and

the feathers go with the clay, leaving the flesh delicate and white, very tasteful too. Well, while the meat was cooking and we were seated about the fire, a man long past middle age came up. He was roughly dressed, smoked a short pipe which smelt most powerful strong, carried his belongings in a bundle, and evinced a disposition to be friendly. He told us that he had been "poking about" in Colorado for nigh on thirty years, though his native home was Cumberland, in England. He spoke pleasantly of Windermere, Ulleswater and Derwent Water, then, *à propos* of nothing that had been said, broke out with, "I used to see a man named Mr. Ruskin there, sometimes. Maybe you know the name."

"John Ruskin!" I exclaimed.

"The author," he said. "I lived in Coniston village then. There was a man for you! I've known him to give the crop of a field of hay to a hard-up family. I never read any of his books, but if they're as good as the man, they're top-notchers. He set the boys to wood-carving, and the girls to piano playing. His home was at Brantwood. I've seen him there. . . . A majestic lookin' man with blue eyes and a beard, he was. I remember his dog—a retriever. Once I met him in the lane, the same day when I found a cat that was half starved, and I was carrying it home. Ruskin stopped me and

passed the time of day, and asked about the cat. When I told him, he didn't do a thing but look serious, then he took out a sovereign and handed it to me, sayin', 'You must let me help pay for its food.' That's the kind of man he was."

When he had ended his tale, we gave him a leg of chicken, thrust between a roll, and he accepted it with thanks. So, up to that point, nothing of vast interest grew out of the casual meeting. Then came the important thing. He remarked that we had been burning wood from a fir tree, and said, quoting something,

"Birch and Fir logs burn too fast,  
Blaze up bright and do not last."

Then he added, "Did you ever hear that old poem? It must be hundreds of years old. I heard it when I was a boy, often, and once, up in Maine, I heard it again."

So I asked him to repeat the whole thing, which he did, and I copied it. Thus:—

"Beechwood fires are bright and clear,  
If the logs are kept a year.  
Chestnut's only good, they say,  
If for long it's laid away.  
Make a fire of Elder tree,  
Death within your house shall be.

"But Ash new, or Ash old,  
Is fit for queen with crown of gold.



“Birch and Fir logs burn too fast,  
Blaze up bright and do not last.  
It is by the Irish said,  
Hawthorne bakes the sweetest bread.  
Elmwood burns like churchyard mould,  
E’en the very flames are cold.

“But Ash green, or Ash brown,  
Is fit for queen with golden crown.

“Poplar gives a bitter smoke,  
Fills your eyes and makes you choke.  
Apple wood will scent your room  
With an incense-like perfume.  
Oaken logs, if dry and old,  
Keep away the winter’s cold.

“But Ash wet, or Ash dry,  
A king shall warm his slippers by.”





### CHAPTER THREE

## INTO THE DESERT

WE saw, seated outside a Durango hotel, where the breeze flowed freely, a trim-built young man reading a newspaper. No sooner had we parked on the opposite side of the street, than he rose, came over to us, fell on my neck with exclamations of joy (metaphorically speaking), then said that he hoped we would spend long hours together. It was none other (as the writers of Beadle's Half-Dime Library used to say) than Henry Pitz, illustrator of many juveniles, maker of pictures for some of my magazine stories, lover of music and baseball, dweller in the quiet village of Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania. We had met last in the Hotel Plaza, New York, what time I tried to play the part of glowing heart of the nebulae at a publisher's reception.

You must see Pitz as bright-eyed and active, extremely sociable, the very man to make one of a free-and-easy adventuring party. He was there, he told us, because he had been seeing Colorado through the windows of trains; but matters pending threatened to call him back to his native sward.

Over a mess of spaghetti, partaken by my companions three, from which I refrained, both because of lack of skill and a deep-seated dislike of foreign entanglements, we talked. Presently there were suggestions, and a studying of maps, and much plan-making. How, we asked, would Pitz like to see Aztec, where were notable pueblo ruins? What about trying the desert trail to Kayenta? How about the North Rim of the Canyon? What of Zion Park? What of Tuba City, where lived an Indian who remembered Kit Carson?

So Tuba City loomed first in our imaginations, but when we came to compare maps, we found them sadly at variance. Some showed a good road to the Mormon settlement of Bluff, but others showed no roads at all to that place; while others, again, indicated a trail that wobbled uncertainly, then vanished. The insufficiency of the maps struck us the more forcibly because we had been using a Colorado state map; a very good one, but still inferior to the Michelin maps in use in England. On the

whole, taking things by and large, we found the maps published by the Texaco company to be most satisfactory; for they indicated mountains, lakes, rivers; sometimes altitudes, and points of interest. And, parenthetically, here is a point for the consideration of captains of industry: because we used those maps, we generally used the same company's products. Indirect advertising may be the still, small voice that is far more powerful than megaphonic thundering on huge sign-boards. Of such things we talked as we ate.

"If," said Helen, then paused, whereby I knew that some preposterous suggestion was on the way— "If," she went on, "we go to Zion Park, why not to California?"

"Certainly," said Charles. "And Yosemite, and Sequoia, and Crater Lake, and Mount Lassen."

"Not Mount Lassen," said Pitz, promptly and decisively. "I read, no more than an hour ago, in the *Durango News*, that some automobile manufacturers intend to set off fireworks in the extinct crater, by way of imitating an eruption, when Lassen is proclaimed a National Park. . . . Might as well try to imitate a cyclone with an electric fan, or a water-spout with a garden hose, or an earthquake with a steam-hammer, or the golden end of day with a flickering lamp."

"Then you'll go with us?" asked Charles, who, having discovered that Pitz was a chess player, anticipated pleasant battlings.

"Opportunity makes desire," answered Pitz.

Thus simply were matters settled. We had met a little before noon, and by half past one we had shipped some of our belongings to California by express, and were on our way to Aztec, taking a very light-hearted view of life.

#### THE AZTEC WONDER

That which you see at Aztec has nothing to do with Montezuma—no more than Montezuma's Castle, or Montezuma's Well. Nevertheless, the sight is a rare one, and, with the exercise of a little imagination, a stirring one. You must picture a time, perhaps in the early 1500's, when the people of Mesa Verde started to trek, leaving their mansions in the cliffs, with all that had been built and watched with care for three hundred years and more. The marching people may have been three thousand strong, men, women and children; and they went south, it may be supposed, because those sent out long before to look over the land had returned to tell of the Rio Grande Valley. Down the mountain side they trooped, hunters, headmen, guides, craftsmen, musicians and artists, old men and young, very many who had been

born in the cliff country, and never expected to leave it; for their fathers, and their grandfathers, generations twice as many and more than the generations that reach from the Puritan landing until this present day, had lived on the Mesa Verde plateau. A society had crumbled, which its members had thought would endure for ever, and it had to be recast. There had not wanted genius, loftiness of aim, devotion, purpose—yet the day of dissolution had come. Generalship had not been lacking. No formidable enemy power threatened. Perhaps there had been long continued droughts. Perhaps some strange sickness had fallen upon the people. Perhaps the exodus may have been due to the selfishness and covetousness of a few, so that a servile society threatened to grow, whereupon brave spirits decided to leave monopolists with their holdings. We do not know. But human societies, as men, must die. Some have died lingering deaths; some, as in Iran under Chosroes, have died in full vigour. One has to imagine, as well as one may, this people of the cliffs flying from a threatening danger, as a man may haste away from some unhealthy place, to the end that he may discover a clear space in which to live where he may be rejuvenated.

Perhaps men were divided in opinion, as men of healthy imaginings needs must be, and should

be. Perhaps, by the time they had reached the valley where Aztec now is, because of travel in an unaccustomed altitude in a sun-scorched desert, there were some in ill-health, or children unable to go further, besides some not adventurous. Whatever the cause, some stayed in the valley, where they found traces of an older civilization, with houses similar to those that may be seen at Casa Grande, in Arizona, and where were decayed irrigation ditches. What manner of men they were who had built in the valley, and elsewhere, may never be known. But the fugitives from Mesa Verde found the buildings, and, with their superior art, improved upon them. The walls that they built were good and true, well-founded and straight. They improved the irrigation ditches. They dug immense kivas, which they roofed with clear running timbers; interweaving the logs as cleverly, as neatly, as well fitting, as any that can be made to-day with good tools handled by skilled house-carpenters. You may see, as we saw, the corn-grinding stones, a double row of them in a single great slab, where ten people could work in company and sociability. They made kitchen utensils, neatly ornamented pots, dippers, beaded ornaments, feather rugs, toys, flutes with six finger-holes, rugs, weapons of the chase. They planned their doorways, in building, with poles fixed horizontally, so that rugs

could be hung over them; and they arranged their chambers cleverly in a way to ensure ventilation. There were courtyards and gardens, store-houses and meeting rooms. There were songs, garlands, mirth, banners, and happy faces. All of that may be truthfully inferred by what is now at Aztec. There are signs aplenty that zeal, genius, and labour were flung into the cause of progress. Sometimes signs are unexpectedly brought to light, as when we, standing by an ant-hill there, found a little bead brought up by an ant. It often happens that small things are thus unearthed.

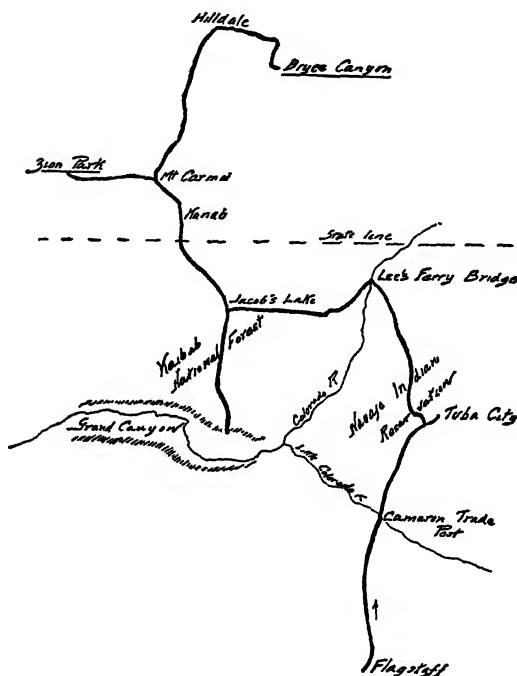
Aztec is well worth seeing. And those who see, and are of philosophical bent, must be persuaded, as I have said, that peoples, like men, shall come to an end, though each culture and civilisation imagines itself to be an imperishable rock.

#### OUR DISCOVERY

We wanted to go to Kayenta, and were prepared to carry shovels to clear away the sand, also to deflate our tires when in the sand flats. Why we were so eager to travel that way was because it is in the direction of the Rainbow Bridge National Monument, a place of wonders in the way of erosions and canyons. Besides, John Wetherill lives there, and he, with



his brother Richard, discovered the Mesa Verde ruins. But we met one who had been over the trail, for Pallas Athene sent to us an old In-



dian woman, at Farmington, in front of Winstow Wetherill's place, where we were buying rope. She, learning what we intended to do, raised a warning finger, and said, "Come big rain—two day, four day, ten day, you no go." She was right, for the next day a great rain

did come, though the sky had no sign of it when she uttered her warning; but we escaped the rain, also the delay it would have caused, by following the Indian's advice and going southwest, making a rough hypotenuse, and so striking the Flagstaff road. But what a sad place has been given to the Indians in this Moki-Navajo reservation! Not more than 10 per cent of the territory bears grass, and it is said that one may cross the reservation without seeing pasture land.

This is how we made our discovery. We ran into some heavy road working, to avoid which (for scraping and oiling machines were at work, and a four-foot-high barrier of tarry stuff stretched for a mile or more) we turned aside, made for a small amphitheatre at the foot of a low, wooded hill, then stopped to eat and to drink. Pitz and Helen began sketching at once, while Charles made an inspection of the car, which had experienced rough treatment in the desert. I walked to the hill, intending to climb it, but stopped short, suddenly, when I came upon a petrified tree trunk, then a second, and a third, all of them beautifully agatised. The others, being called, came running, and soon discovered other fossilised trees, over some two acres of land. Doubtless the patch is known locally; but as we had not read of it, or been told of it, nor saw it marked on any map, we

had all the ecstasy of making a first-hand discovery. Now as the route of a Transcontinental Bus Company passes within a few yards of the place, and as their schedule makes it impossible for passengers to see any of the wonders of which they pass within gunshot, I recommend the officials, and other high-placed men, to arrange matters so that their patrons shall not pass through a world of wonder seeing nothing at all.

But I wish all the world could know something of the desert, to the end that they might deplore, and deploring change the lot of the Zuñi Indians who live in it. A place of never-ending drought in summer, of fiercest heat, of soil on which nothing except sage and stunted piñon grows, of severest cold in winter, those inhabiting it can know nothing of the pleasantness of life. Since we were there a tragedy loomed, when the Indians went forth to gather piñon nuts. Down came a sudden storm, with snow four and more feet in depth, and a norther raging, so that the Indians were in danger of freezing; the more because their grass-fed ponies had nothing to eat, nor could be expected to carry burdens. Some three hundred Indians trudged through the snow to their pueblos, arriving almost exhausted, and gave the news. When rescue parties went forth, they found eleven frozen to death, some two hundred unac-

counted for, and nearly eight hundred trying to make their way to safety. The incident gives the sharpest of possible points to a remark made by Mary and Dane Coolidge in their book, *The Navajo Indians*, that "Eastern officials, bred in the tradition that 'poor people will not starve on a little farm,' and wholly unfamiliar with Western desert conditions, continue to expect Indians to do that which no Western white man thinks of trying to do."

#### THE REWARD OF LETTERS

We had a curious experience at a way-side place where we stopped for gasoline. It bore the curious and mildly humorous sign,

CAFÉ WHERE WE'RE □.

though it was not really a Café. The owner, a jovial-faced man, had evidently made an effort to break away from confining things that narrow the mind and limit imagination. Not only had he his gasoline pump, but he had set out fruits for sale, and one corner of his stall stood devoted to candies, another to newspapers, another to picture post cards, another to plaster-of-Paris dolls. He had, too, a two-holed gasoline stove, on which he cooked hamburgers when trade called for them. Also there is this to

testify to his forwardness and genius for contrivance. By use of Bristol board he had made a *cabinet particulaire*, which he had marked

#### PRIVATE DINNING ROOM

though the middle word was a misspelling and referred not at all to the noisy phonograph which he kept running constantly, and until we asked him to let us have quiet.

That was when we called for something to drink, specifying ginger-ale. He served us with celerity, but I discovered that, by mischance, he had given me a bottle of home-brewed beer. I drank it at once, lest it become flat, and found it grateful to the taste. When I called his attention to the mistake he seemed nervous, then began to apologise, lied too by saying that he could not imagine how the bottle had found a way into his ice-box. However, good lying comes by exercise, so his poor lie testified to a truthful character. I told him that I was glad of the mistake, because the beer was of very good brew, and cold and sharp; then added that my companions would prefer it to ginger-ale. For a brief moment he looked doubtful; but, seeing honest light in our eyes, he nodded, went to his ice-box, and returned with other bottles. Yet, though all had gone so well, he tried to make a virtue and necessity of things by saying

that all his life he had been used to beer, which "settled his stomach." He also took us into his confidence by telling us that of all lunches a Dutch lunch with beer most satisfied him. Still, it is to his credit that he did not become platitudinous about personal liberty. Nor, unlike many illicit dealers (and they are many as sands of the sea-shore), did he try to become patronising, and so sap the self-respect of a customer. But he did deliver himself in the manner of one possessing a fund of pertinent information, smiling genially the while.

He said: "Take these hamburgers now. I sell 'em, but I'd no more eat 'em than I'd eat snakes. Nor I wouldn't touch Boloney, valuing my stomach's peace. As to that there pop, it's belly-wash. It leaves a man thirstier than before, an' that's the rascality of them as makes it. I could tell a whole lot. But new laws, new roguery." He went on to say, almost in the words that Chaucer put into the mouth of Florient's wife, that beer was "a ful great bringer out of business," then sighed, and added inconsequently, "But it's funny how things go up and down."

Mutual confidence having been thus established, he set before us a very excellent lunch of rye bread and cheese, good summer-sausage, chopped chicken livers, sliced tongue, and pickled onions; all of which we enjoyed in his

private compartment. While we ate he talked to us, standing half in and half out of his insufficient doorway, dividing himself as it were between a strict Roman temperament (for one eye was on business outside) and a joyful spirit of Greek companionship. Noting that division, Pitz remarked that the magnitude of his business would seem to justify the employment of an assistant; whereupon, a cloud passed over the man's countenance, and he said, "I had a good one once. Roup (or Roop), was her name—Ann Roop. But she up and left me in the lurch." His tone, rather than the words, seemed to imply that he would be glad to release his soul further.

"Did she?" I asked, to spur him on.

Because of a mood reminiscent, for a while the man said nothing; then, seeing that we had finished the beer, he brought forth more bottles.

"It all come about from this here habit of tipping. . . . Look at tipping," he said, and flung out a hand which made a recumbent S in the air.

"Yes," said Pitz, to encourage him.

"Me. I always held it demeaned a man to take a tip," he went on. "I told this here Ann Roop that. 'No tips,' I ses, ses I: 'Tips don't go. Your service is rendered,' I ses, ses I. 'I buy your time, an' no one can sell the same thing

twice if he's honest,' I ses. Wasn't I right to make her do as I done?"

We admitted that, and our agreement pleased him.

"But see how things turn out. It's easier to watch a bag of fleas than a woman. There come along a fellow with whiskers like some of them there artists. He wasn't no artist, but he sold malt extract, also combs on the side. That's how I come to have home-brew—his malt-extract. When he found out that she wouldn't take no tip he got to talkin' with her, and talkin' led to more talk, so they got friendly like, then began goin' to the movies in the town yonder. One day he ups and asks her to marry him, an' she did. I wanted her not to, seein' that she had what you might call a good career here, but you can't turn a woman any more'n you c'n turn a runaway hog. One day he ses to me, ses he, 'It's funny how things come about. If she'd a taken the first tip I offered, I'd ne'er been interested, and never 'd 've married her.' So there you are." The good man flung out his hand again, and the fling said that it did not matter how much one strove for perfection, or pursued truth, there was a Setebos that mingled in the affairs of men. He went on: "If you do a thing, you never can tell how results'll crop up somewheres else. Things are joined up, you



might say. Here's me, teaching this here girl not to demean herself by takin' tips—teachin' her that her service was rendered. Then comes along this here man an' he counts what you might call the good lesson I taught as her virtue, so ups and marries her. Me, I'm out one assistant what I trained, an' there you are. . . . It'd make a novel if I wrote it up. It'd make a darn' sight better movin' picture 'n many's the one I seen. It'd make a better song 'n many I heard in this here phonograph."

He took a deep sigh, looked at us solemnly, shook his head, then hearing the call of business outside, left us.

But a divine afflatus had come upon us, and, seizing the grease-spotted menu, we wrote, one and another suggesting and helping; so when our host returned we had ready this which follows, and which Pitz read aloud in full, round voice:—

#### "THE INDEPENDENT WAITRESS

"There was a graceful waitress in the Café  
Where we're □

A maid of modest manners, and bright, peroxide hair.

There came one day a drummer bold, who  
loudly called for soup,

And having finished, flung a bright new dime  
to Annie Roop.

Then spoke that gentle maiden fair, while  
 pride flashed from her eye,  
 'My service it is rendered, sir, and it you cannot buy.'

CHORUS: *To be sung with an air of proud resentment.*

Take back the tip you gave me;  
 Take it back, sir, I pray,  
 Keeping it would deprave me,  
 Darken a gladsome day.  
 Just make me your wife, instead, sir,  
 Give me a house and home.  
 I'll be your slave,  
 Both willing and brave,  
 Content with a crust and bone.

Then swift uprose that drummer and he cast  
 upon the floor  
 A tangled mass of whiskers, the false beard  
 that he wore.

'Behold your faithful lover, your well-remembered swain,  
 I left you once, dear Annie, but here I am  
 again.

I sought you many years, dear, yes, sought  
 by night and day.

But now I know I've found you, for I did hear  
 you say—

CHORUS: *To be sung with vigor and gratitude.*  
 Take back the tip &c."

The good inn-keeper, hearing that, was delighted beyond measure, and praised the effort

in no unstinted way. Yet he was eager to point out three things—First: That the man with whiskers had not been previously acquainted with the girl. Second: That the whiskers were an honest growth of his own. Third: That the marriage proposal was not made with such dramatic suddenness as the song implied. We were at some pains, consequently, to explain poetic license. That point being cleared up, he brightened; then said that he would have the piece printed, and if possible broadcast. He declared that he had heard many an inferior song over the radio. And such was his happiness and content, his gratitude and his appreciation, that he insisted upon the price of the lunch being the reward of letters. Looking back, after we had gone some distance, we saw him waving his hat, by way of bidding us Godspeed.

#### AT MONTEZUMA'S CASTLE

No one should be in the neighbourhood of Flagstaff without seeing the cliff-dwelling called Montezuma's Castle. While my companions climbed up the ladder in the hot sun, I sat down to behold the pictures of my own imagination, and to remember how, years before, I had come upon the sight unexpectedly. But I did not sit long unaccompanied, for a Nebraska car drove up, and all its passengers,

except a very fat man, ran to climb the ladder. He, instead, addressed me and spoke of days when he had more freshness and courage, conjuring up a picture of himself as a youthful and radiant figure. Then we spoke of Omaha, and he told me about its business prospects, and one thing and another, not at all interesting, but broke off—or rather flew off in a tangent—asking me if I had ever heard of the affair of Marshal Ney. I asked him if he had Ney of Napoleon's day in mind, and he slapped his knee and said Yes. Then, "Well," said he, "there's history in Omaha about that man."

I wondered how Omaha could be connected with Napoleon, but remembered that I had also wondered, once, what New Orleans had to do with the same man, until I saw the house that had been built for him.

"History says," went on the fat man, looking at me curiously, "that this here Ney was shot by a firing squad in these here Luxembourg gardens, as they call 'em, doesn't it?"

"I remember something of the sort," I told him, and searched my memory.

"Well, he wasn't," the fat man said, with triumphant air. "Ney was the great uncle of a man living in Omaha, and I know him. Know him well as I know my own hand. Him and me was like brothers. Ney, he'd led this here Old Guard at Waterloo. You've read about it.

Five horses he had shot under him. His coat was plum full of bullet holes. He kept up his fighting on foot to the end. And what then?" The fat man leaned close and added impressively: "He didn't say to the firing squad, 'Aim at my heart,' but it was the officer who told them to aim high. And they did. He let on like he was shot and fell down. Played possum. Then they took what people thought was his dead body to the hospital, but put another real dead man in his place, and smuggled him off to America. The king, he was in on the game, and it was Wellington himself who had the job put up, for he thought a whole lot of Ney. I got the whole story from Ney's great-nephew who lives in Omaha. Take it from me, You can't believe all that history says."

I said that history was very unreliable, which pleased him and we parted on friendly terms.

I have written of Montezuma's Castle in a former book, but not of the so-called Montezuma's well, situated a few miles from the castle. We found it uninteresting, except for the fact that it lies in a sort of crater in a hill, and that a cave runs out of the crater's bank, or side. Also, near the top of the rim is a cliff dwelling, but of an inferior kind. The interesting feature is the result of irrigation ditches made by the primitive folk. The irrigating water,

heavily impregnated with mineral salts, deposited a coating of mineral, probably lime, along the sides and bottom of the ditches; and this coating hardened in the course of time. In some places the earth has washed away, leaving a hard trough of mineral deposit, which some have taken to be an aqueduct of a peculiar cement, made by the primitive folk, the secret of which has been lost. Tradition has it that the cave is an artificially constructed hiding-place, or passage, but that is not the case. It is a natural phenomenon.

#### THE DESERT

The road from Flagstaff to Cameron Trading Station is very good, the scenery, after leaving the San Francisco Mountains, uninteresting. The San Francisco Mountains are the centre of a volcanic field that includes several hundreds of peaks. Men wise in such matters say that some of the volcanoes have been extinct only a century or so. Between Cameron Trading Station and Tuba City (which is not even a town, but an interesting trading station), you are in the desert land. And here I pause to lament, for, by the time this appears in print, and reaches the hand of a reader, it will no longer be possible to enjoy desert adventure between Flagstaff and the North Rim

of the Canyon. For the improver is at work, and a highway is to be made, so Indians will retreat into further fastnesses, and there will be sign-boards, and motor busses, and filling stations, and eating places that serve abominable meals, and cooks with dirty hands, and hitch-hikers, and absurd cold-drink stands, and well-to-do people in limousines who sleep in the day-time, and other things that come with advancing civilisation. Commercial activity, of course, is all very well in its way, but, as the Gauchos say, "All is not butter that comes from a cow."

Between Cameron Trading Station and Tuba City we did not meet or pass a single car, but on three occasions we met Hopi Indians who regarded us no more than if we had been rocks. Except for them we had the world to ourselves—an ochre-tinted world, with pink and white and brown cliffs in the distance, and a trail that, winding about and about, climbed over sand dunes; and a cloudless sky with a blazing sun. For hours we heard none of those noises that are bred of civilisation, except those made by our own car, and to those we grew so accustomed that we did not hear them at all. Yet the journey was far from dull. The play of the wind, the pageant of light and shade, the splendour of evening glow—these occupied us. Pitz, possessor of the rare art of whistling melodiously,

made music—now snatches from Beethoven, again an air from Mozart, or a merry tune of Victor Herbert's, or a passage from Finlander. Or a glimpse of something rare, as an eroded cliff looking like exotic architecture, perhaps, would bring to mind a picture seen, so talk would run merrily on some master of brush or pencil.

Once, I remember, I hazarded a favourite story of mine, very humorous in its appeal, but it fell dismally flat. We had stopped to look at an Indian, silhouetted against the sky, and Helen leaned forward in eagerness to see, then remembered, at the moment the Indian disappeared, that she had blotted out the sight for Pitz. So, solicitous, she asked, "Did I obstruct the view?" He, with fine gallantry, made answer, "I prefer the obstruction to the view." That brought to mind my tale of how, when an Austrian arch-duke laid siege to Ostend, Isabel, his wife, daughter of Philip II., vowed that she would not change her linen until the town fell. When the siege had lasted three years, the commander of the beleaguered garrison heard of the unhappy lady's vow, so capitulated immediately.

It was, I always thought, a very good story indicative of fine gallantry, but it fell flat because, near the end of it, we came to a place where the trail split, almost at right angles.



Some one, finely altruistic, had put up a roughly painted sign-board, but time and circumstance had so wrought that the post had fallen, and the stub of it had been covered with drifted sand. Now as the roads split at an angle of ninety degrees, at least, and as night was approaching, and as we had neither food nor water to enable us to comfortably camp out, it became necessary to decide upon the road we should take. But as the sign was an ordinary T-shaped affair, reading To Tuba City, and might have applied to either of the trails, we were somewhat at a loss. Yet, thanks be to the gods, there is, in many men, a sort of Sherlock Holmes aptitude, running sluggish perhaps at ordinary times, but deepening into a passion when confronted by a problem; and both Pitz and Charles found themselves urged. So, after leaping out of the car, they began to scrape about in the sand with their feet, and, presently, were rewarded by finding a stump which had been the foot of the post supporting the board. The rest was easy. Like scientists reconstructing the remains of some unknown animal, they fitted this and that together, a splinter in the stump with a gap in the base of the post supporting the board, lifted the post in triumph, indicated the way, laid the post down again, re-entered the car, and cried, "Forward!" So it came about that we reached

the trading station, and lo! and behold, the trader remembered us, and greeted us, for he had been at Cameron Trading Station the year before, when we took the desert road from the South Rim of the Canyon.

While we were talking with the trader in the courtyard, an old Indian drew near; but when an ill-mannered dog barked in threatening way, the old man stood in his tracks. Thereupon the trader scolded the dog, though a good thrashing would have been better, and bade the Indian come on. That the Indian did, then stood a little behind the trader, much as a shy child might have done, as still as a statue. I could not detect the slightest difference between the way of this Navajo, and the way of a Patagonian, or of a Tierra del Fuegian. Each always gave me the impression of forming opinions of men met, though never rashly, never lightly. Each seemed to be thinking—and when I say thinking, I mean an actual mental process, and a trying to grasp, which is altogether different from what the average man of civilisation terms thinking. In the latter case there is an easy acceptance of this and that, an acceptance of authority without attempt at verification. For instance, Tom, Dick and Harry may say that they accept the theory of gravitation, or of evolution, but quite without any clear conception of what the theory means. There is

only a grasping of tags. The fact that Newton lived and wrought and formulated a theory has not made the slightest change in the brain of the common man, although he pats himself on the back and congratulates himself on being the heir of the ages, and as standing on the pinnacle of human knowledge, and all that sort of thing. But the Indian is not that way. Confronted with a new idea, or with the explanation of a phenomenon, he regards, turns over in his mind, tests by way of discovering whether it will or will not fit in with this or that already accepted. He would not insult his own intelligence by pretending to accept something he could not understand. He would never repeat names of abstractions, pretending to knowledge. For a new light, he will be either ripe or not ripe. With him, in all honesty, things are a question of belief or not belief, but he takes nothing because of mere authority. So thinking means effort. You must get that straight. It is important, because effort, resistance, patience, are potent factors that go to make up character. The Indian works from within, outward. The way of the average educator is the reverse—to work on his pupil from without, inward; which is a wrong way, except the ideal is regimentation, and the turning out of a million human pots in the same mould. To put the matter another way, education, as commonly

conducted, means obedience to authority. It means a mere acceptance of words. As a consequence, the general human aim of the pupil is an aim To Appear, rather than To Be. So we have a false assumption, that to skim lightly over many books is to find an easy way to make a living; and that money, and pleasure, and place, are fundamental things. Hence much that ails us. Hence, too, a sort of growing servility in men. But education, as the primitive man sees it, and practises it, is a slow process by which one comes to believe in one's self. It means work honestly done when done for his own people. By his education, is gained strength of limb; and ease; and swiftness of motion; and control of hand; and rectitude of purpose; and the training by which he may Become. It means a certain rugged truthfulness which is death to sentimentality, and to pretence. I do not write from imagination, nor do I theorise. What I have said comes from a first hand knowledge of primitive men; for I have lived with them, and been of them. That which seems halting slowness in mental processes in the primitive man, is, I assure you, something altogether different. It is a severe mental wrestling, a turning over and over of ideas, a thorough examination. Because of that, and more, I cannot see any wisdom in the school education of the Indian, by his white masters.

It achieves a semi-culture that is a sham, a parrot chatter, an external exhibition and a vulgar display; but little more.

I know of no writer who has better pictured the Indian than Will Levington Comfort, in his book *Apache*.

"What does a Navajo call an automobile?" I asked the trader.

"Chiddy," he made reply, and, hearing the familiar word, the Indian smiled a fleeting smile.

Now if you will examine the word you must see the reason for it at a flash. It is onomatopoeic, like the good old words *splash*, or *bang*, or *pop*. So it constitutes a true enrichment of language, whereas the word automobile is nothing but a clumsy borrowing and a makeshift, which, for the sake of handiness, we have to reduce, presently, to a shorter form—to *auto*, which means nothing but *self*, and the word fails to distinguish the thing referred to, *per se*.

"What would the Navajo call an automobile, then?" I asked again.

The trader appealed to the Indian, heard what he had to say, then translated, "Son-of-a-chiddy."

"And an airplane?"

"A flying chiddy," answered the Indian.

By that time a mutual interest had been established, so I asked what was the age of the

Indian, seeing that he had few grey hairs and few wrinkles, and that he stood erect, though the texture of his skin told of many years.

"I came the year of Fort Sumner," answered the Indian, referring to the year of the gathering of the Indians together by Federal troops; for that time marks a definite point, like the Hegira among the followers of Mahomet, or the birth of Christ, or the coming of Ramachandra among the Sikhs. Then it was the Indian's turn to question.

"Why?" he asked, "do they want to know? Are they people who will want to see in our houses?" When the trader assured him that we were not inquisitive in any official way, the Indian stepped forward, shook hands with me, then with my three companions; and so left, with a friendly gesture. We all felt a sense of contact and geniality. We all liked the man, and I am sure that he liked us. We found him friendly, courteous, sweet-tempered; but matters would have been otherwise, had we affected any patronising tone, or had we regarded him as a curiosity.

There is another Indian living close to Tuba, though, by the time you read this he may, with Falstaff, have gone to Arthur's bosom, for his years are many.

It is Come-back Charlie, a blind Navajo, who lives alone in his hogan. By an arrangement

of wire, he finds his way about—one wire leading from the hogan door to his spring, another to his wood-pile, another to his fence gate; so he manages very well, and retains his independence, dependent upon no one. His name was given him because, in 1905, he returned to his tribe after an absence of more than thirty-six years. The tale of his return is a little like George Eliot's *Legend of Jubal*. You remember how Jubal wandered with his lyre through the remote world, and among foreign tribes—how, presently, he began to long for his home—how he approached the scenes of his youth to find splendours where had been things rough and common—how he saw a procession of young men and maidens singing in concert, praising the name of Jubal, who had invented the lyre—how he ran to them crying out that he, the old, white-bearded man was Jubal, who made the lyre—how they rebuffed him, laughed at him, beat him for blaspheming the name of Jubal—how he fled from them to a lonely place, and

“The immortal name of Jubal filled the sky,  
While Jubal, lonely, laid him down to die.”

So Charlie Day returned to find himself unknown. And when he told his tale of the wonders of London City, and of strange beasts he had seen in Africa, and of marvels in the Malays, and of the forests and the lakes and

rivers and moose hunting in Canada, then his people laughed at him, doubted him, said that he deceived himself as all liars do. So, angered, the Indian Ulysses chose to live alone. The man's tale is a true one, for, after the affair of Fort Sumner, he was adopted by a Captain Day, and, as Day's man, went with the hunter to far parts of the world, seeing and experiencing much. But Day died in Canada, without having made disposition for his attendant, and the Indian, well used to take care of himself, made his way back to Arizona. As for nearer matters, historically, Come-back Charlie remembers seeing Kit Carson both at Fort Sumner and Canyon de Chelly. Superior minded gentlemen, pale faces, express disbelief as to this, just as the redmen of Charlie's people disbelieve his tales of Malay, and England, and Africa. Still, Kit Carson was well enough known to thousands of Indians; held as a hero too; and a boy of eleven years of age notices much and remembers much. The short, bandy-legged man who knew how to talk to Indians and manage them stuck in the boy's mind; and the minds of boys are as sensitive as photographic plates.

We were on our way at three in the morning, running along the foot of Echo Cliffs for a while, then coming out on the desert; and we



went for nigh upon six hours, often plunging into sand where the track had been obliterated, until we came to the construction camp of the road builders. Now, as it has been said, a good appetite needs no sauce, so we tackled, in real earnest, much-diluted coffee, fried potatoes, fried eggs, and consumptive pieces of baked dough, wrongfully called biscuits; for all of which, the cook charged us a dollar each; and made matters worse by standing at the table while we ate, under the impression that he interested us by telling the sad story of his life and adventures. He told us that if he had been fortunate enough to have had an education he would not be where he was. He told us that he read a good deal, and said that reading improved the mind. Of the country in which he lived he knew nothing at all. He had, he said, no use for Indians, nor even passable respect for Mexicans. He went on to parade his prejudices, by which, we learned, all foreigners were abhorrent to him; not that he had known many, but that he had read a good deal, and, he repeated, "Reading improves the mind." As it happened, while we were waiting for the breakfast to be cooked, I had seen something of the literature he enjoyed; mostly fiction of the very rubbishy sort, a weekly called *Liberty*, a Montgomery Ward catalogue, a book on Birth Control, some ten-cent *Blue Books* with sex-o'clock

titles, a volume entitled *How to Make Money*, and a disorderly pile of so-called "funny supplements." . . . Taking one thing with another, we came to the conclusion that our Indian in Tuba City had qualities to make his companionship more pleasant than that of our fellow-countryman. Any one prefers a clear-running fountain to the rinsings of dirty basins.

From the breakfasting place to Lee's Ferry, where one crosses the Colorado between Marble Gorge and Glen Canyon, is a red-yellow desert, with much sand and the scantiest sort of vegetation. At one place, about thirty miles southwest of Lee's Ferry, we crossed a ridge and could see the flat lands stretching to the horizon. While the view was thus extended, there lay a belt about five miles away, which told a plain tale. Because of a half gale that swept from west to east, a sand storm raged down there in the valley. It was almost like looking down upon a yellow river into which we would have to plunge, if we did not choose to stay where we were until the wind had abated. So we took the plunge, and the line of partition between storm and calm was almost as clearly marked as the line separating water from land. There were four miles of sand-storm belt; stinging, roaring miles; with dust that penetrated through clothes to the skin, so that when we came out we were white and grey, and our eyes

were dry, and our ears and nostrils clogged with fine sand; so to be free from all that fierce activity was pleasant. No such adventure will be possible next year. At Lee's Ferry, where stands a good hotel, we paid for ice-water, brushed off the dust, admired the gasoline man's pet cat, and went our way rejoicing. We rejoiced the more because we expected soon to be at Jacob's Lake; so dreamed golden dreams of grasses wet, and shadowy woods, and purling waters, and the rush of air on naked skin as we dived, and the cool green light known only to those who enjoy swimming under water.

#### KAIBAB FOREST

The shadowy woods we found, for Kaibab Forest is incomparable. Nowhere else are shadow-sprinkled glades cooler, nor grasses more softly green, nor ferns more graceful, nor pines and alders and aspens more grateful to heat-stressed man. Nowhere are deer tamer. We entered the forest, and, lo! the dusty valley became as a dream. We had leaped from scorching summer into golden spring. But the lake—Jacob's Lake—it proved to be little except a name. Still, one should not build hopes on a mere name. Nations have done that to their cost. For all the lack of lake, Kaibab Forest seemed very desirable as a stopping place

for the night, especially when we came to an auto camp, delightfully situated in a pine grove, and not far from the main road that runs between Salt Lake City and the North Rim of the Canyon.

While we were discussing the matter of stopping there, or going on to the Canyon, eating bread and cheese the while, four big Motor Busses bound for the Canyon, passed, all of them comfortably crowded with a merry party. No sooner had they turned the bend in the road than a man from the camp approached, concern for our welfare writ large upon his face.

"This here Canyon," he said, dropping into modified allegory, "will be plum full up of Mormons to-night."

Seasoned travellers though we were, often betrayed by those who sought high dividends, we did not guess that his artfulness could be born of business acumen. Indeed, it had the ring of a triumph of broad-mindedness, when he added that he could look back with unalloyed satisfaction on the times when people, who had stayed there on his recommendation, expressed high content in the morning, because of a serene night, though he did not use those words. Then a woman came up, a buxom looking wench, and I asked her how they were conditioned for cabins. She made answer that only one was left, and showed it to me. It had two rooms,

but I examined only the first, which had a couple of roomy beds, satisfied because she assured me that she would put a third bed in the second room. So I rented the cottage, paying for it, then we unloaded our belongings and set off for a ride through the woods—glad because the pestiferous business of a night's lodging was off our minds. Yet we would rather have had two cabins, and said so, one to another. However, we went leisurely through the forest to the Canyon, saw a great deal, and kept other sights for later seeing; and when we returned to our camp, late at night, we made the best of matters, Helen in one room, very crowded because of a stove and a table, the three of us sharing two beds, which was contrary to our custom, for men travelling should have room to stretch out. But in the morning we discovered that there had been other empty cabins, so that we could have had one apiece. The woman, you see, had lied in her anxious greed, making us believe that there was a vast rush of business, to ensure us renting her place. Also, at the Canyon, while there were many people, there was room for many more. However, we had enjoyed the ride through the forest, and the evening among the tall pines. We had found a good cafeteria at the Canyon. We had known the delight of a constant succession of surprises as we viewed the Canyon at

evening. Then, too, we were well pleased that the unworthy woman had not extracted as much money from us as she might have done. Well has it been said that liars pay the penalty of their own guilt; and also that he who telleth a lie, buffeteth himself.

#### A GROUP OF WONDERS

When at the North Rim of the Canyon, you are close to more natural wonders than exist perhaps anywhere else in the world. A map of the western part of the United States lies before me as I write, and, doubling my index finger in such way that I lay the first two joints of it on the section I have in mind, with the nail on the place where the Grand Canyon is shown, I cover the Kaibab Forest, a very fertile valley, the Zion National Park, the natural wonder called Cedar Breaks, and almost hide Bryce Canyon. By following this route, it is possible to see them all, without doubling on one's trail.

This, too, is important. Seeing much, one's capacity for admiration and wonder may become exhausted; but so varied are the sights and scenes on the route I have indicated, so refreshing and invigorating is the air at this altitude, that there is no possibility of waning interest for any—except the most blasé, and they do not matter.

I had feared that a second visit to the Grand Canyon would leave me indifferent to the wonder of it, or, at least, would find me in mild enthusiasm only; but I failed to take into consideration that there are entirely different aspects as seen from both sides. The Canyon, like life itself, is richer than any one interpretation of it. The fact that the North Rim is a thousand feet higher than the South Rim makes a difference. Then, again, standing on either Sublime Point, or Bright Angel Point, on the North Rim, with all that vast territory like a map outspread, one makes imaginary excursions exactly as one does when looking at a map. The eye follows down and down, along descending ridges and gulfs for tremendous distances, until it rests, because rest one must, upon some fantastic creation to which has been given a fanciful or romantic name—Shiva Temple, or Buddha Temple, or Isis Temple, or Wotan's Throne, or the Tower of Ra. So far does one seem to have journeyed, so enormous the span, that the mind begins to spin, as it does when one lies prone on some mountain top and gazes into the spaces of the sky. But rested, the discovery comes that the vast slopes thus travelled are nothing but steps to greater depths. So the journey with the eye is continued down and down, to Merlin Abyss, or across to Galahad Castle—and still there are depths below depths,

and further depths to come, until the thin silver thread which is the Colorado River is reached. After that come tremendous heights to Coconino Plateau, where is the North Rim. Looking across to Yavapai Point, where I had stood a year earlier, Time and Space seemed to mingle; so that I had the queer sensation of having taken a year to cross from one side to another.

Unfortunately, but naturally, too many people, on their way to the North Rim, are so full of eagerness to see the wonder, that they miss the glory of Kaibab Forest. But I know of no fifty-mile drive more glorious, especially in the evening. The sunbeam on leaf and flower, the pines and firs and aristocratic spruces, the delicate aspens and ferns, the forest aisles with their golden arabesques made by the lancing sunlight, the grass like velvet, the great-eyed deer—there are a thousand memorable impressions which combine to make the forest-drive a perpetual glory; so that it is difficult to realise that two hours and more are passed in going along it.

Then there is Zion Park. I heard, dear reader, two husky, elaborately dressed and much-be-jewelled, over-fed, self-indulgent wives of rich men talking about Zion, while I waited, on the terrace of the lodge, for my companions to return from clambering about in the Canyon steeps. The two were seated at a table close



to the telescope through which I had been looking, and had been questioning a ranger, who seemed anxious, in a polite way, to be going about his business. Rangers permit themselves to be bored, finely and bravely. They patiently answer questions which need never be asked, for answers could be found in any book of reference, even in the circular of general information which is given free to every one entering the park. This particular ranger effaced himself cleverly, just when the questioning of one of the rich, fat women seemed about to assume calamitous dimensions.

"I would like to see you again," she said to the ranger, "because when I get back home I'm going to read a paper about the history of the Grand Canyon to our Idle Hour Club. Now tell me—"

Her attention wandered for a moment, whereupon the ranger seized his opportunity, with something murmured about "presently," and "something I must do."

"Rangers are *so* gentlemanly. I love rangers to death," said the woman in the green dress.

"They have to be, honey," said the other.

"There was one in Zion Park—" began her companion.

"Yes," said the green-robed one, interrupting. "Tell me about Zion Park. Will talks about going there. Is it worth while? They

tell me it's only another of these here Canyons, and I've seen so many of 'em. I got the fear-fullest crick in the neck when we went down into the Royal Gorge and looked up. I'd a much rather stayed in the Olin at Denver where we had the best bridge set . . . Did I tell you about when I bid three spades?"

"No. But you don't have to look up in Zion Canyon," said the other. "You look down, or you look out. It's a long cave you go through—"

"I swore I'd never go in a cave again," her friend interrupted. "There's such a lot of walking to do."

"This cave's different," said the other. "You don't have to walk, honey. It's a long natural cave. I forget how many miles, and there are holes in the sides where you look through. It's the only comfortable cave I ever seen. You drive through it in the car and I was never so surprised in my life. When I went to the Carlsbad cave I thought I'd die, my feet ached so. If it hadn't been for the Ranger helping me up the steps I'd a been there to this day. I wouldn't have gone only every one would have said, 'Why didn't you go?' You know how it is. You dare not miss anything when you're tourin'. But this here Zion Cave is quite restful. You don't even have to get out of the car

to look through the holes. Of course you only see a rock, after all."

"Honey—" began the other, as I walked away, shuddering at the word.

It was none of my business to tell the fat dowager that the mile-long tunnel was not a cave, but a piece of engineering, of a sort to make the most careless wonder at the executive vision of its creator; nor that the holes in the sides were arches made by human hands; nor that the view gave upon the rocky sides of the canyon all deeply scored by wind and water, also afforded a view of the river Mukuntuweap which made the canyon, also offered an inspiring sight of fertile valleys, and of far heights of silver-tipped mountains. Far better let the fat woman chant loud odes about the wonder as she saw it.

Zion Park is canyon scenery, to be sure; but as different from the Grand Canyon as moonlight is different from the hues of the Aurora Borealis. The hues of the Grand Canyon are subdued. Those of Zion are bright red, and coral, and white where the sunlight touches. Otherwheres it is a place of green twilight, and of depths lost in mist, and of steepest crags growing out of darkness. There were times when I thought of Alberich's "glibbery gulfs greenly gleaming" of the Ring of the Nibelungs. Again, when we came, unexpectedly,

in sight of the mountain of sheer rock which has been called The Great White Throne, I had the feeling of being reduced almost to nothingness. I do not think that Nietzsche could have produced his philosophy of blunt self-affirmation, had he been born on the banks of the Mukuntuweap. The preaching of a Superman is all very well in the human hive; but not at all well where man shrinks to insignificance. At least that is how we felt when we looked across a blue hushed vale, on the other side of which stood the Three Patriarchs. They were crowned with light, so, for a moment, we thought them tipped with new-fallen snow. And mark how it is with man amid things stupendous! We were glad to come back to small, familiar things—the pebbled stream at our feet, and the moisture-loving ferns that grew in crannies near it. Those seemed to exist for our delight; but the tremendous sights brought a sense almost of anxiety.

As for Bryce Canyon, at first sight it does not look like a tangible reality. It has more an appearance of something done to a distinct and definite pattern, by some such master of spectacularity as Imre Kiralfy. The amphitheatre is like a set stage-piece where, presently, figures will wander—figures dressed as caliphs, and knights, and hooded women in shawls and sandals, and horsemen with banners, and Arabs

with Nubian slaves. I am trying to indicate its theatricality, its unsubstantial appearance, its Haroun-al-Raschidity. It need not be said that it is all the effect of erosion upon cliffs composed of several strata of brightly coloured earths—pink, red, yellow, chocolate hue. What with wind and water, the parts that remain have taken on fanciful shapes, which suggest pleasure domes, castles, towers, cathedrals of sombre grandeur, crooked streets, mazes, dwellings built on crags, mansions hidden in ravines, churches standing on the edges of precipices, statues, monuments, mosques. All are vivid with colouring; exotic colouring done in horizontal lines, with a background of colour in patches and masses. We saw the sight in the light of a hot sun, as if a calcium ray had been turned on the scene for our benefit; so, under that intense glare, the shadows seemed forced in colour, and unreal. But, while we looked, there came up a heavy cloud, then rain began to fall; and the scene changed to a strange picture, with a great variety of blues, and violets, and dark browns.

So there was something to enjoy later, when we knew hours of white solitude, and of heat, and of thirst, between Salt Lake City and the edge of California. For, by some trick of memory, the mind does leap to zenith when the body is at the nadir, so to speak. Let a man

be really hungry, and his dreams will be of glorious feasts—or let him suffer keenly from thirst, and in imagination he is among cool things. So, in the desert, our minds went back to fragrant and dewy gardens; and to soft rain, making leaping pearls as drops fell into lily-ponds; and to the cool of Kaibab Forest; and to the well-kept farms, and pleasant brick-built farm-houses in the valley that lies between Salt Lake City and Bryce.

#### A DISCOVERY

Talking about the valley east of Utah Lake reminds me of Springville, where we made a discovery. We stopped there awhile because, when people travel light, there must needs come a time when shirts and socks are bought to replace those mailed home. So, while Helen and I went shopping, Pitz and Charles visited the barber, both of them being bearded like the pard. Their barber turned out to be a man with magnetic power to interest, if need be to impel, certainly to enlighten and to guide. Hardly had Pitz settled comfortably, when the barber said, "Maybe you'd like to know about things of interest in this town, seeing you are a stranger."

As Pitz told me the tale, he began to wonder at the barber's words, for only rarely are worth-

while things publicly recommended, but rather such as narrow the range of intellectual vision—overall factories, new Court-houses of ugliness, and all that sort of thing. So, with commendable caution, Pitz asked what there was to see. Then came testimony of a god-like soul in the barber. “There’s an exhibition of pictures at the High School. This town is famous for its interest in art, somehow.”

So, being freed, Pitz released his soul; and, hearing the tale, fountains of living waters did not envelop me, because I had seen much of local art—landscapes, for example, in which chaotic suns and moons shone on lovers in black boats on adamantine lakes, while awkward swans looked on in grim humorousness. I have seen—but it does not matter. What is important is that we went to the High School, and, lo! and behold, a wonder! The sight astonished me as much as what I once saw by Lake Titicaca, where, in a rough shanty lived a recluse whose interest in literature had moved him to surround himself with noble books, which he read almost continually, breaking off only to go forth with gun to get food. For we saw drawings in charcoal and in pencil, etchings, modelling, sculpture, water-colour sketches, oil paintings; some of which had been done by students, some of which had been donated, some of which had been purchased by the school children. The sub-

jects were by no means always of local interest, were more often of foreign. Some canvases revealed a fascination for that sharpness of outline, that bright hardness and dryness of the plains and plateaux and desert-lands, where vast spaces end in mountain battlements; but the majority were of far-off things, sea-scenes, New England hills with rounded outlines, villages where houses were built of mellow brick and had a look of homely comfort.

Pitz halted, deeply interested, before a picture done by Elizabeth Washington, called "At the Gate," and showing a sun-dappled stone house nestled in a warm fold of the hills. He knew the place—had, indeed, painted the same Pennsylvanian scene. What caught my eye, and smote me with a desire for possession, was an oil study of fishing boats, by Anthony Thieme. The sun-glitter on the water, the lazy contentment of anchored boats, the light dancing on mast and spar, the cool mystery of under-water, were all done with fine skill and enthusiasm. Another picture, that hung in bad light and high up on the left proscenium—for the main part of the exhibition was in an auditorium, not at all suited for a gallery—reminded me of a painting I saw, long ago, the memory of which has stayed with me strangely, called, if I remember rightly, "The Lady with the White Shawl," and William M. Chase was the artist.



No explanation suffices to account for either memory or association, except that worth-while memories have a habit of sticking. There were several pictures by a local artist, A. B. Wright, all honest work and interesting, and done by a hand that had learned to draw before it started to paint. Pitz praised highly John Carlson's "Afternoon Glow," a glory of golden sunlight, and oaks, and beeches, saying that it was worthy of being hung in any gallery in the land. Two western scenes interested us—Hanson Puthoff's "Land of the Morning," a western subject of joyous lights; and Sandzen's "Morning in the Canyon." Both envisaged much that we had seen and enjoyed.

How account for the fact that in this town of a few thousand souls (which not a man in a million could locate if the name were shot out at him), there could be such an enthusiasm for things worthwhile in the artistic world? What developed the taste? Who, like some conquering god, wrought, and wrought, until something worthwhile was achieved? You can go into any one of a hundred towns with educational institutions that have existed for almost a century, where nothing at all has permeated, by any sort of social exosmosis, into the surrounding community to lift the mass from dull commonplaceness—nothing artistic, musical, social, literary, political, ethical. That is because the

educational centre is educational only in name, a soulless thing, an institution that exists so that certain men may draw a salary. A real educator, on the other hand, exercises a potent influence that spreads, that leads to developments, that actually establishes an atmosphere. He exalts the imaginations not only of students, but of citizens. So, hail to the individual of Springville who touched matters to finer issues. And salutations to the barber, quiet and unobtrusive, who counted it as part of his duty to adorn the inside, as well as the outside, of men's heads.

We remembered a town where we had stopped the night before, Maryville, in a valley at the foot of a dark slope. The singular appearance of carelessness struck us. Most of the houses were mere shells, others had fallen into sad disrepair. The people seemed disconsolate, depressed, hopeless. The general impression was of dilapidated squalour. Yet the surroundings were such that had the inhabitants set to work with energy they might have made much of the scenery. Yet once Maryville was rich, and might have done something. It's the vision that counts. Maryville seems to have bet on its riches, and that's a fool's argument.

## THE DREARY TRACT

Leaving Salt Lake City, be prepared for a stretch, going across which you must make your own amusement, for it resembles a white concrete pavement, with, here and there, white expanses which are fields of crystallised salt. Of things that live you will see nothing except lizards, and thin tufts of artemisia. For dreariness it beats the desert of Atacama, because in the South American desert there is some variation of colour what with the red rocks, and the crescent shaped sand-hills that hold purple shadows. And some interest lies in Atacama because of deposits of salt, and saltpetre, and of guano; but the Salt Lake Desert has nothing. On this white flat beat the sun, a hundred and twenty degrees of heat that reflected upwards so that everything of metal became painful to the touch. There were few on the trail that day, most motorists choosing to ride by night. As it happened, we fell into a discussion about the earth, because, at Salt Lake City, we had seen an advertisement announcing that a Koreshan would give a lecture on the Cyrus Reed Teed cosmogony, which, as all the world knows (or perhaps does not, in which case it does not matter), holds the earth to be a hollow sphere, and that we live in a hollow shell at the centre of which is the positive pole of a battery,

which pole is the sun. Then we discussed that strange modernist, Mr. Fort, who holds that the visible heaven is but a shell about the earth through which we may some day pierce; and Marshall's queer idea that at each polar axis there is a great opening where waters pour over the lips of the world, or pour out, all of which lends colour to the Eskimo tradition that their remote ancestors came from the inside of the world. So we came to the latest idea of world shape as taught by Théophile Moreaux in his *Astronomy To-day*, wherein he says that all measurements have failed to settle anything, and dissymmetry is everywhere; and he quotes, with approval, the theory of William L. Green that the earth may be tetrahedral shape.

The discussion, to be sure, was very fruitless, but it served to pass away the time until we came, when it was almost dark, to a sort of hotel operated by a man with primitive notions of entertainment. Food there was none, neither water. His floors were bare. His rooms had doors without locks (a sane provision, because we had to leave them open to get a breath of air), and the live-long night there was a tramping up and down stairs, and a clumping along floors, and a shouting of names, as people roused sleepers to get ready for the night's desert journey. One man's idea of pleasantry seemed to be to sit outside, and, at intervals, to

roar out the beginning of some song, then to break off and abandon himself to "Yi-Hi's," until, putting my head out of window, I addressed him in Shakespearean fashion, remembering my *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, saying,

"What halloing, and what stir, is this to-day?  
. . . Withdraw thee!"

and he withdrew.

So, unrested, we rose up at three in the morning, and ran many chill miles until we came to Wells, where we found an early rising restaurant man who set before us cups of steaming coffee before we had given our orders. And, while we were eating smoked haddock, and thoroughly enjoying our meal, there came into the place two very tired men who, having missed their way, had driven about in the desert all night. Now hearing their tale we were glad, not because of their misadventure, but because it seemed like a revenge for what those two men had made us suffer. For, the day before, when we were in a ticklish place in the desert, about three o'clock, they in a car that carried a U. S. NAVY tag, had passed us going furiously, narrowly escaping hitting us, and spattering us with dust. Moreover, as they went they shouted derisively, and bade us farewell, making as though they would leave us hopelessly behind. "Sit down and dangle your legs," say the Span-

ish, "and you will see your revenge," a saying which I remembered with satisfaction.

And here is an interesting thing. While my companions walked about, looking at the town, I went into a drug store to buy tobacco, and fell into brief talk with the man who kept the store. He was one of those friendly souls who must needs make all and sundry acquainted because, I suppose, he enjoyed the sense of contact and geniality. So, calling to a third man, one with a lined face such as often belongs to men who work much in the open air, he said to me, "Meet Mr. Colter," so we shook hands, though I do not know why, and, while we did so, the drug store man said to me, "What's the name?" Thus are social amenities satisfied. But there was more, for, in a spirit of gaiety, I said to the third man, "No relation to the Yellowstone Colter?" but he nodded, Yes. I said, as remembrance came, that I thought Colter had married an Indian woman, and the man assured me that he was a grandson of the original Colter, by his Indian wife.

"You never told me," said the drug-store man.

"You never asked," said the other, then went on to tell, in brief, how Colter had left the Lewis and Clark party, and fell in with another man named Potts; how the Blackfeet surprised them and killed Potts; how Colter was

made to run the gauntlet after being stripped naked; how Colter outran all the Indians except one pursuer, but killed him; how Colter hid under drift in a lake, and how at last he reached the Missouri Company Trading Post on a branch of the Yellowstone. But he told the tale so well that I did not believe other than that he had read it out of Bradbury's *Travels in America*; and when I asked him for particulars of his family tree he seemed to dodge the question, and to be desirous of switching the conversation to the question of Mr. Hoover's re-election, and little I cared for politics. So that encounter ended without interesting result.





#### CHAPTER FOUR

### CALIFORNIA

RENO did not interest us particularly. We saw something of the famous Clubs—Rex, Wine, Reno, California, Bank, New York—and learned that gambling houses operated by shrewd men were supposed to pay a tax of \$50 for each game. We heard of the famous Crib for men who like that sort of thing, where three hundred women are said to be on duty. We were told, and the teller considered it the result of intellectual political vigour, that the divorce mill was worth \$4,000,000 per annum, and that about a hundred divorces were granted each week. But, at the time of our passing, Reno had a new excitement, an ecclesiastical one, be-



cause many thousands were there to witness the installation of Dr. Thomas Kiley Gorman as first Roman Catholic Bishop of Reno.

Being anxious to get to California we made haste; and hardly had we crossed the border when we saw a lively young man upon whom we came to look as an embodiment of the animating spirit of the state. He was energetic, youthful, doing what he had to do with keenness of eye and sureness of hand; jealous of the welfare of his state, untroubled with misgivings, strong to endure and strong to persevere. So there is high praise akin to exaggeration, perhaps.

But ponder a moment. It is a small thing to record, that we had to stop for inspection, for we had been inspected on other borders. This was different to any we had experienced. The young man was inspector, and the effort made was to prevent entry of the Mediterranean Fruit Fly. Some day the world will be wise enough to tackle troubles existing and potential at the source, by united effort, but the time is not yet. Meanwhile, those who see the danger must work alone, as California works. So no one was allowed to cross the border without undergoing drastic search. There were families with indecent quantities of bedding packed on running boards; others with mattresses and blankets and sheets tied on to the tops of their cars; others with sacks crammed with rags,

and what-not. But fantastic horrors did not deter the young man. He took each article, unfolded it, subjected it to close examination, shook it vigorously several times, then carried it to a long table, where he refolded it and set it apart. Not an article of clothing but he searched; not a bag but he examined; not a scrap of fruit or vegetable but he carried away and deposited in a container. It was almost incredible, the way the young man strove to do his duty.

#### A GOLD CENTRE

So we came to the gold country around what was once called Hangtown, but now is Placerville; once a place of adventurers, gamblers, speculators, wild-cat promoters, miners, prospectors, lawyers, stage coaches with six-horse teams, freight wagons with ten-horse teams; where a ton of bullion was shipped in a day, where mining land was sold at \$20,000 a foot, where millionaires lived on beans and bacon and flapjacks and whisky. Hereabouts Pete O'Riley and Pat McLaughlin, who wanted to go down to a new strike on Walker River, worked with pick and shovel to get a stake of a hundred dollars, and instead, hit upon a lead that paid them forty-three thousand dollars. Hereabouts, in a court of law, before a jury, Sturtevant sliced off the ear of Mr. Ruspas,

accused of theft; and bad-men held up towns; and Mark Twain, and Dan DeQuille, and *The Enterprise* staff supplied literary meat of pungent flavour; and men paid high prices to see a cat-and-dog fight; and a company cleared \$50,000 a year from road tolls, while freight haulers charged six cents a pound from Sacramento; and the wages of stage drivers were \$250 a month; and a mad inventor sold shares in a company which was to lengthen daylight by means of mirrors and reflectors, also melt the mountain snow. In those days men with a grim sense of humour gave new towns their names, calling them Delirium Tremens, Hell's Delight, Barefoot Diggings, Brandy Flat, Centipede Hollow, Shinbone Peak, Alpha and Omega, Cut Eye, Bum's Retreat, by way of making a correct diagnosis. Men paid a dollar to hear a Miss Goodenow sing "Comin' thro the Rye," and "Old Folks at Home," though, as one who heard her said, her voice had failed and she could not touch a high note. Lumber sold at \$300 per thousand, tin pans cost \$5, labourers were paid a dollar an hour. Men sent their laundry to China, good beef cost less than it does to-day, there were saloons everywhere, but (I quote Franklin A. Buck's letters) "getting drunk was done by very few and no man of any standing ever thinks of doing such a thing." The Chinese were given to tong riots,

and went to their little local wars armed with long spears, furnished with sheet iron helmets, and tin shields, and squirt guns filled with some infernal liquid, their gongs beating and their horns blowing; while others were armed with fifteen-foot-long pikes, and three-prong spears, and swords five feet long with a handle six feet in length—and miners watched the battles with interest.

But five years after the gold rush, in 1854, California had turned to work with such success that Franklin A. Buck could write to his friend in Maine, saying, "We live on the produce of California now, and from all accounts the comforts of life are about as cheap and easily gotten as there. We may have to send you a little flour this winter, if the drought has injured the crop. You little thought, in the States, that in five years this mountainous, dried-up Golden State would raise her own potatoes and flour, and have it to export. But we are fast, here, and such is the fact. This country produces things on a large scale."

Placerville has its Homeric hero; and Yuba Bill, immortalised by Bret Harte, was his literary counterpart. Henry Monk was his name, and, as he drove the Overland Stage in Buffalo Bill's Great Wild West Show, making a great to-do with shouts and whip, making red-skins bite the dust with blank cartridges, was seen by

hundreds of thousands, by millions indeed, some who read this may remember him. The tale of how he followed orders, and carried Horace Greeley from Filson to Placerville, as told by Artemus Ward, was, once upon a time, counted as a recitation piece to carry away any audience.

"The citizens of Placerville," said Ward, "prepared to fête the great journalist, and an extra coach, with extra relays of horses, was chartered of the Californian Stage Company to carry him from Folsom to Placerville—distance, forty miles. The extra was in some way delayed, and did not leave Folsom until late in the afternoon. Mr. Greeley was to be fêted at seven o'clock that evening by the citizens of Placerville, and it was altogether necessary that he should be there at that hour. So the Stage Company said to Henry Monk, the driver of the extra, 'Henry, this great man must be there at seven to-night.' And Henry answered, 'The great man shall be there.'"

"The roads were in an awful state, and during the first few miles out of Folsom slow progress was made.

" 'Sir,' said Mr. Greeley, 'this is not a trifling matter. I must be there at seven!'

"The answer came, 'I've got my orders!'

"But the speed was not increased, and Mr. Greeley chafed away another half-hour; when, as he was again about to remonstrate with the

driver, the horses suddenly started into a furious run, and all sorts of encouraging yells filled the air from the throat of Henry Monk.

"That is right, my good fellow!" cried Mr. Greeley, 'I'll give you ten dollars when we get to Placerville. Now we are going!"

"They were indeed, and at a terrific speed.

"Crack, crack! went the whip, and again that voice split the air, 'Git up! Hi yi! G'long! Yip-yip!"

"And on they tore over the stones and ruts, up hill and down, at a rate of speed never before achieved by stage horses.

"Mr. Greeley, who had been bouncing from one end of the coach to another like a rubber ball, managed to get his head out of the window, when he said: 'Do-on't—on't you-u-u think we-e-e shall get there by seven if we do-o-o-n't go so fast?"

"I've got my orders!" was all Henry Monk answered, and on tore the coach. But it was becoming serious. Already the journalist was sore from the terrible jolting, and again his head might have been seen at the window. 'Sir,' he said, 'I don't care if we don't get there at seven.'

"I've got my orders,' answered Monk. Then fresh horses, and forward again faster than ever, and over rocks and stumps, on one of which the coach narrowly escaped turning over.

"‘See here,’ shouted Mr. Greeley. ‘I don’t care if we don’t get there at all!’

"‘I’ve got my orders!’ answered Monk. ‘I work for the Californy Stage Company, I do. That’s what I work for. They said, “Git this great man there by seven.” An’ the great man’s goin’ through. Git up! Whoope!’

"Another frightful jolt and Mr. Greeley’s bald head suddenly found its way through the roof of the coach, amidst the crash of small timbers and the ripping of strong canvas. ‘Stop, you maniac!’ he roared.

"Again Henry Monk answered, ‘I’ve got my orders! Keep your seat, Horace!’

"At Mud Springs, a village a few miles out of Placerville, they met a large deputation of the citizens of Placerville, who had come out to meet the celebrated editor, and escort him into town. There was a military company, a brass band, and a six-horse wagon of beautiful damsels in milk-white dresses, representing all the states of the Union. It was nearly dark now, but the delegation were amply provided with torches, and bonfires blazed all along the road to Placerville. The citizens met the coach in the outskirts of Mud Springs, and Mr. Monk reined in his foam-covered steeds.

"‘Is Mr. Greeley on board?’ asked the chairman of the committee.

"‘He was, a few miles back!’ said Mr. Monk.

‘Yes,’ he added, after looking down through the hole in the coach-roof. ‘Yes. I can see him. He’s there!’

“‘Mr. Greeley,’ said the chairman of the committee, presenting himself at the window of the coach, ‘Mr. Greeley, sir! We are come to most cordially welcome you, sir— Why, God bless me, sir, you are bleeding at the nose!’

“‘I’ve got my orders!’ cried Mr. Monk. ‘My orders is git him there by seven. He’s a great man. It wants a quarter to. Stand out of the way!’

“‘But, sir,’ protested the chairman, seizing the off-leader by the reins, ‘Mr. Monk, we are come to escort him into town! Look at the procession, and the brass band, and the people, and the young women!’

“‘I’ve got my orders!’ roared Mr. Monk. ‘They don’t say nothin’ about no brass bands, and young women. They say, “Get the great man there by seven,” and he’s goin’ to be there. Let go them lines, clear the way.’ Kepp your seat, Horace!’ and the coach dashed through the procession, upsetting part of the brass band, and grazing the wheel of the wagon containing the beautiful young women.

“Mr. Monk was on time. There is a tradition that Mr. Greeley was very indignant for a while; then he laughed, and finally presented Mr. Monk with a new suit of clothes.”



## AN OLD COMPADRE

I spent a pleasant evening with an old shipmate in Oakland; I had not seen him since we parted, years ago, on a hill behind San Julian in Patagonia, where Magellan played so scurvy a part. Between the time I knocked at his door and clasped his hand in greeting, a little vignette of how he looked when last I saw him framed itself in my mind—a young man riding in pride, his horse-gear a thing of beauty, a poncho of blue with scarlet lining caught together at the neck with gilt chain and clasp, hat saucily cocked at the side and broad of brim, the bull-hide lazo and boledores handily disposed for use in a hurry. Another picture came, as I first saw him on a Cape Horn island, one of the shipwrecked crew of the *Knight Commander*, afraid, like all sailors, of what terrors land might hide in the way of cannibals, wild animals, starvation and so on. The fears of sailors, like the fears of all men, are greater than the danger. Three of the men discovering that deep truth chose to stay in the land, my friend among them. Two were later killed by Tierra del Fuegians, but that is not to be lamented since they were invading the rights of the natives. But this friend of mine soon learned the way of the country; learned to ride well, to hunt, to adventure; and all to such pur-



A PATAGONIAN

Drawn by Henry C. Pitz

pose did he use his seaman-craft in knotting and splicing, that he became famous from Punta Arenas to Bahia Blanca, as a maker of beautiful horse-gear. And he found, as many others, that, in a land untroubled by captains of industry, a man had no more difficulty in making a living than had the screaming sea-gulls. So he came to enjoy the tang of the sea-wind, the body-cleaning air of the mountains, the fine weariness that comes from rough exercise, the unconquerable optimism that belongs to men who do not sell themselves.

After we had talked awhile, I began to wonder how my old compadre managed to express himself while living in a city, and after fluttering for so many years in the cage of civilisation. So I put a question.

"For a long time I felt miserable," he answered. "I found at last I had to look beyond; to plan, and to hope. I had to have something to which I felt I must return, so as to forget the daily grind. Then I hit upon this."

He left me for a moment and went into another room, almost immediately returning with the hull of a model schooner, which he placed in my hands. It was like a jewel, for beauty; built plank on plank, though the tiny planks were not more than a third of an inch wide. When I held the model in such way that I saw the bow like a straight line, the craft showed

in perfect symmetry. The bowsprit was so set, the masts so stepped, the stays so neatly placed, that it became clear the job had been a labour of love. No one needed to be told that high moods and great thoughts went into the making of the little ship.

He showed me other models. One was a trim yacht made for sailing, the mast of which stood three feet from deck to tip, a very graceful piece of work. He told me how he often went, with his son, down to the bay with the ship; how he set sails and rudder; how the craft headed well into the wind; how, by an arrangement of rubber bands, it put about at the proper time, so that it tacked across an arm of the sea to bring up at last at its toy port. He had almost the pleasure of sailing when, with a telescope (shrinking himself to the size of a cigarette and putting himself aboard in imagination), he watched the vessel and saw the white water at its bows, the wake it made, the dancing rhythm, the swiftness of motion. Nor was that all by any means. Memory played a part. For, as every man given to retrospection knows, pictures of the past, golden in tone and delicate of outline are enjoyed as things of the present never can be. Events are laid away in memory in strange fashion: all the imagined tragedies forgotten; all the disappointments and anxieties vanished; everything, like good wine, the better

and stronger and sweeter because of the magic wrought by Master workman, Time. Also (and this is strange and not to be explained), because of the glory of the past, the future takes on a new vividness. The years that are to come appear to hold some high and splendid secret, and it seems possible that the eager, vivid spirit of youth may be recaptured.

With all these things in mind, we fell to talking and to planning. We spoke of buying a sloop, of making it bright with paint and shining brass, of fitting up its cabin as a wonder of compactness, of cleaning the deck to the smooth whiteness belonging only to ships. We planned how we would sail, next year, among the Aleutians, how we would try experiments, how we would enjoy the sight of great crested breakers and far headlands, how we would recapture old moods of delight when we sailed into strange ports at twilight to see some tall lighthouse shining like an evening star where black and majestic ships lay at anchor. So it was all very good, very exciting, very full of pleasure—somewhat bewildering too when there came, in flashes, thoughts of duties, and of money, and of domestic ties. Yet, for the moment, those latter things were curiously unreal—the dream was the thing.

## SOUTHWARD HO!

We struck San Francisco on one of those rare days when a fog-laden wind blew in from the northwest, and a grey, foaming sea broke on the water front. Before noon a drizzling rain began to fall. But mark how a few miles may make a difference. We ran along the shore to Half Moon Bay, topped the hill, then came to a stop to wonder at the beauty of the world.

All around lay pine-clad hills, and the sun shone warm. That which had been chilling mist-drifts showed as now low cloud-patches, and the ocean lay blue and beautiful, touching golden sands, so that it made a picture unsurpassable in richness of tone. It seemed a most desirable place in which to live, and we were very glad we did not take the main-travelled highway. So we dawdled along, stopping often, glad to be away from busy centres, finding pleasant surprises in the way of scenery every mile.

But San Francisco, for me, held most interest down by the docks, where once, at the time of the Gold rush, so much that is extraordinary happened, that it is hard to believe. The sprawling collection of hastily constructed shanties and tents—ships left sailorless in the harbour—one ship run up on shore by a bright-minded captain who broke a hole in the bows

and used the stranded bark as a hotel—what is now Market Street a crowded place, the ground beaten and tramped and guttered so that men were drowned in mud-puddles of unsuspected depth—sacks of coffee, of flour, stoves, a piano, thrown into the mud to serve as stepping-stones for those who had to go from land to water's edge—laundry sent to China—gambling houses with hundreds of fan, monte, and roulette tables, each piled high with gold and silver—an occasional shooting in the street—lumber at \$300 per thousand (which is not as high as the price some lumber went in the time of the World War)—pilots charging \$400 to take a ship up the harbour—captains offering \$800, with no takers, for men to work before the mast. And yet (here I quote Franklin Buck, who was on the spot in 1849), "the country is as quiet and peaceable as you can expect where there is no government, no police, no society and where every man does what is right in his own eyes. Sunday is respected but there is no church and no parson." "Every one goes around with a revolver," Buck says, later, but "I have never seen one used but once. In the crowd at the horse auction, one man struck another over the head with the butt of a rifle. The man drew himself out of the crowd, took out his six-shooter and commenced blazing away, right into the crowd of fifty men. One man was shot in

the breast, but not mortally. He fired three shots and stopped. Then, says he: 'I'll let you know I'm a man of honour!' No one took any notice of it . . . and the man went off."

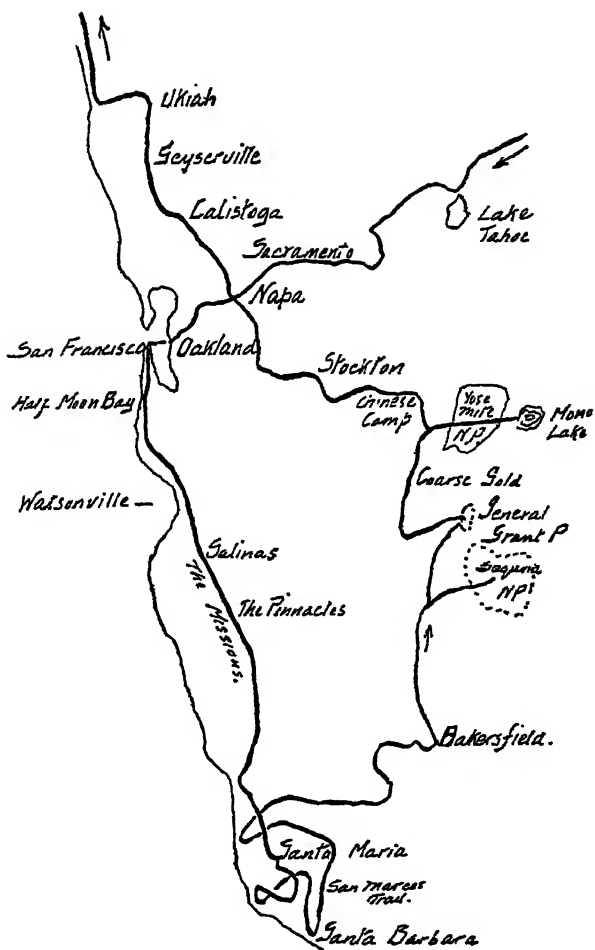
#### INTERLUDE ATHLETIC

What a world of excitement people miss who take their touring seriously, holding to a dull schedule as closely as any transportation company! About five o'clock, we entered the town of Watsonville, and caught sight, between blocks of houses, of the tinsel gorgeousness of a street-fair. We had intended going on; but, thrilled with the thought of access to an interesting phase of life, turned back, found a hotel, took dinner, then set forth for the fun o' the fair. And, as any one should know, a fair is finest at night, when the tents and booths and stalls are lighted, and the outside world is plunged in blackness, and the people from stores and factories and railroads have money to spend and time in which to spend it, and the strabismic music of steam-calliope and merry-go-round clamours at its nasal loudest. We went about, jostling with the crowd, looking at things: at fortune tellers, and astrologers, and phrenologists; twelve-foot-high pictures, done in yellows and reds, of the man without a stomach, "a puzzle to the medical profession":



the woman who ate snakes; dirty handed and dirty faced men who cooked and handled hot frankfurters and other doubtful comestibles; roulette wheels that had a knack of permitting a promising looking player to win at the first throw, but never again; stalls where drinks the color of gasoline were sold; the mysterious woman who ended at her waist, and who, allegedly, spent her melancholy life perched on a table like a majolica jar; the accomplished man who spoke thirty-two languages, "none of which are in use in civilised countries," as his impresario stated; the living wonder who was half white and half black, with the line of division running longitudinally. And the air was heavy with many smells—perfume of piercing power, garlic, lions, sweat, gasoline, hot cooking-grease, tobacco, horses, dust, fried pork, all wonderfully mingling without blending.

As we were about to leave, our attention was demanded by the most deafening racket I ever heard. On a high platform stood a tall and muscular fellow, a blonde barbarian with the face of a half-wit, who worked away with all his might at his strange instrument, a tall boiler. Up and down the side where the rivet heads were he ran a crowbar, which he held with both hands, working most vigorously. But that noise was not hellish enough. His companion, equally muscular, beat upon another side of



Sketch of route  
through Bret Harte & T.L.S. country

the boiler, making a queer syncopated drumming, with two iron hammers. It was all very ear-splitting, but it provoked attention. People flocked to the booth from everywhere. Upon the platform climbed four young men, stripped to the waist and wearing brightly coloured knee breeches; and, being lined up, each folded his arms to reveal his biceps, and each scowled heavily to signify heroic mood. Another man, with a loud megaphone, then announced his possession of world-famous, world-renowned, world-shaking challengers in either boxing or wrestling; then declared that they were prepared to do battle with whomsoever cared or dared. Many-coloured were the announcer's adjectives, proud were his boasts, lurid his challenge. Was there a champion present, no matter what his power or reputation or skill, even Carnera the giant, his men would accept in brave and contented spirit what might befall. So well did the impresario exalt the imagination of his hearers, that many local champions stepped forward to do battle, and the crowd pushed nearer. A man at my side, who could not have been less than three score and ten in years, cupped his ear with skinny hand and said to his unwilling wife, who hung close to him protesting at his eagerness, "I'm afraid I'll miss somethin' that I want ter hear erbout." A young man in front of me, who, by his dress, might have been

a school-teacher or a bank-clerk, seemed completely lost in contemplation of the orator's greatness. Certainly the man with the megaphone had an admirable compactness of speech, as well as a capacity for catching his audience at a salient point. So we, and many others, paid our quarters and entered into the tent, which the announcer called a Stadium. We stood at a rough platform, raised about five feet from the ground, for there were no seats. A cloud of small boys, who had entered in contraband way, wriggled into the best places, and made as much enthusiastic noise as if they were there in legitimate fashion.

Though I have been to many a boxing match and prize fight, have seen John L. Sullivan, and Charlie Mitchell, and the late lamented Jem Smith, and Bob Fitzsimmons, and the Hon. J. Willard in action, yet never have I watched two men who fought with greater fury, who were as careless and unobservant of the blows they took, as those who battled in this hole-and-corner arena. They went at it with pagan license. They battled like barbarians. Blows which would have sent more scientific men down to disastrous defeat were given and taken, yet seemed to do no more than invigorate the receiver and inspire the giver. To be sure, both boxing and wrestling events ended inconclusively. But who cared? The spectators were

frank in unspoken confession of appetite for a show of animal strength. They cared nothing for victor or vanquished, but were rather of a Walt Whitman opinion, that failure was as splendid as success. What cared they, then, for dignified and hieratic Queensberry rules? An exhibition of courage and stupidity was enough; just as, I suppose, similar exhibition was enough for those who, in days of romance, went to see knights in armour hack at each other and spill each other's blood. To put the matter floridly, sweet and beautiful as the up-glowing of day from the bosom of night, did the spectators in both cases, modern and ancient, see the emergence of brute force from the husk of conventional restraint. They caught again the glow and gladness of that world of which Homer sang. If you doubt, read that passage telling of the funeral games of Patroclus.

#### THE MISSIONS

The people of California are the luckiest in the world. They have everything that modern civilisation can give, and, in addition, a fair sprinkling of old-time romantic things. Whether you take by-roads or main-roads, the way is of most inspiring kind to the enthusiastic driver, and every part of the day can be spent with satisfaction. But, going south, every one

who takes any interest at all in things historical, must needs make little pilgrimages to the Missions. Up and down El Camino Real, about the time when Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, and when French mobs were storming the Bastille and dragging Louis to the guillotine, and a little later then mad Lord Gordon's *No Popery* riots, Padre Junipero Serra and his brown-robed companion monks were going to and fro establishing their mission stations, teaching the Indians to till the soil and to reap in a land that was, and still is, a paradise of flowers. Clean and sweet were the settlements the old fathers made, the buildings solid with thick adobe walls and tiled roofs, and always built in some favoured spot, often with a magnificent view of sea, or noble palm grove, or well-wooded hill. At Carmel Mission we saw the grave of Father Junipero Serra, and it seemed to me that we are often inclined to take a wrong view of the life of such men, regarding it as dull and monotonous. But I do not see it that way, because, for many years, I knew the same care-free life in unspoiled country that the padres who went with Cortez and Pizarro knew. Who, being offered a choice, would prefer to live the dull, tame and featureless life of New York and Philadelphia, in those days, when it was possible to go afield in a free land, seeing, every moment, something to thrill per-

ception, knowing the tranquillity that can be found only away from the crowd, walking in a world full of wonder, in touch with the natural beauty of the earth? Father Serra, David Livingstone, Kit Carson, and many others who were pioneers, had a real, rip-roaring time, free from the pain and drudgery of civilisation,



going about where life was uncomplicated, as vivid and high-hearted as warrior lords, free as birds. Beside that fact of personal freedom, how much that civilisation prides itself upon, pales into insignificance?

We saw, at Carmel, the tower of boulders that Robinson Jeffers built on a low bluff that overlooked the bay. Carmel is now a sort of artist colony, but it was George Sterling, the poet,

who built the first house there—or so he once told me.

And, while on the subject, I am reminded of an incident at Santa Barbara Mission which sets at naught the idea that monotonous level of character results from a common environment. We went to the Mission, and the first sight we saw was that of a brown-robed monk walking along a gravel path, which was bordered on one side by a row of tall trees, and on the other by a heavily buttressed wall, while the square, white bell-tower made a noble background. It looked like the setting for a Shakespearean play. After a word of greeting to the monk, I remarked upon the peculiar roofing tile, then asked when and where such things were made. He told me that at the time the Mission was being built, an Indian had the idea of moulding them by shaping the clay across his thigh, and the primitive method had been adopted generally. From that we talked about building and construction work, and, had it not been for the robes the man wore, I would have thought him to be a contractor. He was very much the direct and emphatic sort, like Carlyle's Abbot Samson.

We went inside, and were looking at a cope, which had been made from some garments given by Spanish royalty (wondering where the beauty of it could be found, seeing that it appeared stiff and gaudy), when a youthful monk



came through the low doorway at the head of a group of sight-seers. That he was originally from Ireland shone out as plainly as an isolated mountain. In strong Connemara brogue he began telling his audience the history of a grand piano; then, not to let his story die for the sake of a little local colouring, he threw open the top, and banged with flat hand on the ancient keys, laughing merrily at the jangling noise. Next, he admonished his tourists for their intolerable slowness, and bade them bestir themselves in moving through the Missions.

"Slow and sure," said a man of the party.

"Slow and sure it is, an' all behind like a cow's tail," said the young monk, with boisterous gaiety. "It looks to me as if some of you are as lazy as Ludlam's dog, that leaned his head against the wall to bark."

"Well, that's plain talkin'," said the man, grinning.

The boyish monk looked up, bright-eyed, and shot out with, "Faith! An' plain talkin', like plain doin', is a jewel, an' they that wear it are sadly out of fashion nowadays." Then he and his party moved on.

While the thought of that lively ecclesiastic was in my mind, we ran against another; a real Friar Tuck, red-faced, portly, rough-hewn of feature, who mopped his forehead with a voluminous handkerchief. The man positively

radiated good-humour, and, taking friendly liberties with another of his build, patted me consolingly on the belly, saying, "We are the martyrs who know how to suffer without complaint, don't we? Some of us have greatness thrust upon us. Or did you achieve yours?"

So he and I fell to talking, and it came out that he had lived for many years in Ohio, to which place he went as a boy, his birthplace being Bavaria. Then he went on, telling many a story in droll enjoyment.

A few minutes later I had a passing desire to stay in the Mission for some days, that I might enjoy the company. It was when we went into the cool church, and heard a monk in the organ loft, high up, practising a Bach fugue. Thinking to see the player and the organ, I set foot on the dark stone-staircase, but he ceased playing, nor did he resume until we had left the building.

Another of the brotherhood of whom we caught sight was an aristocratic looking man with a beard trimmed Imperial fashion. When my daughter and I, thinking that a passage with a swinging door led to some place of interest, started to walk down it, following him, he shot a proud and resentful look at us which said more than words, and sent us to the right-about.

So there were diverse characters: and who so

foolish as to say that similarity of surroundings make for a dead level of uniformity? There were the mind constructive; the lively young Irishman who might well have been of a sort who adventured for adventure's sake, with Conquistadores, or like Friar William of Rubrouck, would cheerfully set off on foot for a five-thousand-mile walk as William did in the 1200's; the Friar Tuck, attractive, companionable, hearty, and, on occasion when demand arose, probably roughly combative; the man in the organ loft, serious, retiring, living in a world of his own and cherishing those things that survive through conflict—music, art, literature; then the man proudly aloof, the sort to be a stern subduer of men, a heart of flame bent on some god-like mission.

#### VIVIDNESS RAMPANT

However little any one may be moved by the sight of buildings, the stranger in California cannot but be impressed by the daring of some of the architects who have gone a road of their own, cheerful and undaunted. A sort of vivid exuberance seems to have pervaded those who built. We saw edifices, especially schoolhouses, in the planning and making of which men had been given free rein. Tradition had been utterly discarded; so that those who had

planned seemed to have lived in a wider world of ideas than their fellows elsewhere. With extraordinary courage they had broken away from the commonplace, and freed, had dared. Here were schoolhouses that suggested buildings in Frank Brangwyn's murals; again, there were some which suggested Moorish designs, very picturesque with a background of stately palm trees. We saw other schools which might have served as H. G. Wells' utopian structures, others of graceful and modulated line and daring colour scheme. So interesting did we find many of the buildings, that soon, when we came to a town, we made it a point to drive about until we discovered the school. I can imagine the consternation of many school boards and trustees, elsewhere, being presented with a plan for a new schoolhouse along the lines of some of those we saw. They would count the architect as being mad. They would be afraid of the criticism of those old-timers who were convinced that a school should look like a factory, and there's no haunting phantom like the phantom of fear of criticism. But California went a gait of its own. It tackled problems in the way of men playing a high-hearted game, caring no more for precedents than had those glorious figures of the late 1880's in England, who threw overboard all the shabby and stuffy furnishings of a shabby and stuffy-minded age.

These school architects of California were true artists, because they played. They expressed. They dreamed finely generous dreams, and finely victorious the result has been. California is like a young man out for adventure. May its youthful enthusiasm last into middle age, and beyond, with no flagging of spirits, no shrinking of horizons. May it continue to find its motive and strength from within.

It is startling to look back, not so many years, when Californian politics had passed into the hands of gamblers, and there was no common consensus of action. I remember a passage in the journal of William Brewer (written when he was a member of the Whitney geological survey of California), in which he said that he did not think the Survey would be continued, although the work was only fairly begun. "The work is in advance of the intelligence of the state, and is not appreciated" and "several prominent politicians have hoped to use the Survey for personal, private speculations in mining matters" and while money due had been promised again and again, it did not come, though all the members of the Survey were in debt, and all had salary due. "My salary," he writes, "at the end of this month if not paid would be about \$1,760 behind . . . In the meantime, as I had got no money for a long

time, I had run about \$500 in debt, on part of which I had to pay . . . interest. The twentieth (pay day) came but instead of the money, a letter from the scoundrel who is comptroller, telling us we would not be paid until May." He is writing in December. In the fall of the same year he tells us that "the state now owes Professor Whitney \$25,000," while his own salary is in arrears \$2,800, or for one year and two months, and I have to borrow for my personal expenses. . . . Our bills are without political significance, as the comptroller calls it."

The contrast between California of 1863 and 1931 needs no comment. California has drunk of living waters.

#### WE FIND AN INN

And, talking about original things, and of men who dared, I did not think that hotel or inn between the Atlantic and Pacific could give me a thrill, until a certain experience in California. Indeed, when I thought about hotels at all, it was in a kind of ribald, pseudo-Whitmanesque fashion :

"I suspect I shall see what I have seen a hundred times,

The lobby with an appearance of dull and costly hospitality, its loungers, its polite dead-beats who live in a cheap lodging

and eat at cheap restaurants, but haunt  
hotels and use hotel stationery,  
The clerk at the registration desk with plaster  
of Paris smile and grasping Roman tem-  
perament who pretends that none but  
expensive rooms are vacant.  
The bell-hop who seizes my bag and sizes me  
up by it,  
The other boy who shows me to my room and  
does unnecessary things, then stands ex-  
pectantly, waiting for a tip,  
The bed-room furniture with its effect of stiff-  
ness and angularity, the unnecessary  
radio, the insufficient cake of soap in the  
bath room,  
The fat women and their husbands who seem  
content to be dull,  
The Gideon Bible, the paper laundry bag, the  
engraving on the wall with a title in script  
French, the useless card telling people  
not to disturb me,  
The writing desk placed where no light gets  
to it, with its uncertain legs, its faint ink,  
its too sharply pointed pen—  
How these continue to endure I cannot guess.”

Nevertheless at the town of Santa Maria, we  
did find our ease at an Inn which was an inn in  
the strictest sense of the word; a place of com-  
fort and entertainment, such as would have  
sent Charles Dickens into one of his rhapsodies.  
The building, which was long and low, stood in

the rear of a palm garden through which one drove over a white-winding road, and along the length of it ran a pavement raised by a couple of steps from the gravel. Perhaps the time of day had something to do with our first enthusiasm, because we found the place at sundown, when the sky, purple and crimson, flushed the house with rosy reflected light. At both sides of the wide glass doors were old-fashioned square lamps, of a sort that had shone, many's the time, upon Mr. Pickwick and his friends, when they arrived, expectant of cheer, at inns. Within, the character of an old-time inn stood unchanged. The reception room, though reasonably high of ceiling, looked low because of its length. The blaze in the stone fire-place threw points of light on pewter and silver and copper and brass utensils, and other treasures, that were hung here and there, or that stood on the shelf running around the room above the dark panelling. It pleased me to learn, later, that the house was of ancient lineage.

In the dining room the windows were bright with fan-shaped arrangements of flowers, a rayed splendour the like of which I had not seen anywhere else. Other flowers, haughty and bold and timid, unfurled their glories in corners of the room, very splendid indeed in the morning when the sun touched them. Into this place of quiet, neither radio nor phonograph blared the



noise of the world. So, although we had made it a habit to stay nowhere more than a night, we decided to make this place a base from which we took little excursions. And for those side trips we had a guide in a new acquaintance, Frank McCoy.

#### SANTA BARBARA

One of those excursions took us to Santa Barbara. I shall never forget my first sight of the Free Public Library there—its paved courtyard shaded by a canopy, with a cool arched building of two stories. A low wall, with a doorway set in it, enclosed the court. There, at ease, men sat smoking while they read. Flowering vines climbed the walls and twined themselves about an upper balcony, and the air was sweet with the perfume of roses. Between the edge of the canopy and the house-top, lay a belt of amethyst sky streaked with cloud-silver. As I looked, a bird dropped down, perched for a moment on the back of a chair in profound wonder, then darted away. Never had I thought it possible to see such a sight in a workaday world.

We were walking through a picture gallery which is part of the library, when, through a door where a gentle breeze flowed as lightly as the wind falls on grass, I saw a building with an

Egyptian look about it, what with its straight lines and rectangles. Around an artificial pond in which were bronze-green lily leaves, ran stone walks; and above the doorway was a brightly coloured design like sun-rays. Two little girls, dressed in pink, cast strong shadows on the wall—one of them held a grey kitten which the other was admiring. No artist could have made a more interesting or fairer picture.

Another thing caught my eye—an interesting piece of sculpture above a doorway, the work of Carleton Winslow. It showed the coat-of-arms of the city, and, about it, the shields of the University of Bologna, of the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris, of the University of Salamanca, and of the Bodleian Library at Oxford. It illustrated, for me, better than anything I have ever seen, the vast and complex organisation of the life intellectual.

But many people who notice things have eyes and thoughts for nothing but the Court House at Santa Barbara. The white tower with its great clock, the sunken garden, the imposing style of the building, its bold inscription, the colour scheme, the cool passages within and the play of light and shade on the walls, the deep-set windows with their bright awnings and ornamental grills, the balconies, the fine largeness of everything—these combine to make the whole like a scene from No-Man's-Land. There are

buildings far more magnificent—Wells Cathedral, for example, which has the logical unity of a Beethoven sonata—there are edifices more inspiring by far, which could be named by the score; but I have never seen one more striking in its daring originality than this. There have been critics who said this and that in carping fashion—mumbling about theatricality, and sensationalism, and over-ornateness—but how much of that criticism, I wonder, is envy, the dyspepsia of the mind? Rules do not apply in criticism. Each separate work of art must be judged by itself. For me, the building is glorious, because it expresses life abundant, because it is the work of those who were not afraid to make a clean sweep of old processes, because those planning it had enjoyment in their work as an end. It seemed to me as I looked, and as I remembered other state-houses, and court-houses, and jails, and school-buildings made to a stereotyped fashion, that America was a land prematurely old in spirit, was like one that had leaped from childhood into money-grubbing age, that had missed beauty and become a victim to disordered vanity, and turned its energies into wrong directions. But California, I say again, seems to have drunk of living waters, and so captured the everlasting spirit of youth.

We did not leave Santa Barbara without calling on Ed Borein. He and Charles Russell

make a good team, for both know horses and their ways, thoroughly. Borein's studio table is crowded with specimens of Russell's work in bronze, very spirited stuff, especially one piece, which I could hardly leave, showing a rider dropping from the saddle as a vicious horse flung itself over backwards. The walls are hung with Borein's etchings, no less spirited. But then Borein is rider through and through, for his profession was cowboy, as any one can see by a glance at the man, even if he should miss seeing, on the wall to the right as you enter his working room, a framed recommendation from a foreman to the effect that Borein was far from being a failure on the range. We had not been together ten minutes before Ed was questioning me about gauchos, their manner of dress, their way of handling a wild horse, the gear they used. So we went on to other matters; to Clay MacGonnigall who broke the record in roping; to the negro of Tom Green County who had a trick of throwing a steer with his teeth, flinging himself from his horse on to the animal's back, then worming forward between the beast's horns and working forward until he got the steer's upper lip between his teeth, and hanging on until the tortured beast gave up; to Boogher Red the ugliest Caliban in Texas, and to Captain Tom Hickman, and to Black Jack the outlaw, and to Pat Garrett, for we knew them all.

There is energy and richness in Borein, and those qualities pervade his work. Seeing him in the street, a man of brawn walking with the swinging gait of a cowboy, no one would suspect a hand of such delicacy, or the quick eye to catch the poise of a hoof and the toss of a mane.

#### A THEOSOPHIST COLONY

We went to Halcyon, but stopped on the way to look at the Buddhist Temple, which was closed. A small boy, like Kipling's Kim, probably Japanese, who sat on the steps, informed us of the fact. "No get in if door locked," he said.

We had better fortune at the Theosophist Temple, where the side door was unlocked. An uninspiring building made of dead white cement, without windows in the wall, but lighted from the ceiling, and with uninteresting prints on the wall, mostly of Theosophist leaders, is the impression that stays with me. The familiar face of Madam Blavatsky, ox-eyed (to borrow from Homer), gazed into vacancy. It all seemed very chilling, very clumsy, very mediocre, and I could get no flooding joy of personal fellowship with the whole world in such surroundings.

But I had other sensations soon, and after Pitz remembered that Ella Young, friend of Yeats and of Dunsany, Celtic scholar, writer of

charming fairy tales, lived in the neighbourhood. A daintier dwelling than that in which Ella Young was living it has never been my lot to see. It looked like a child's play-house because of its smallness, and the way in which flowers crowded close to the door and looked in at the window. Ella Young invited us to enter, and we sat in the tiny room and talked for nearly an hour. A strangely spiritual creature is this Irish poetess—gentle, simple, unconcerned, exalted, with the silvery notes of a child in her voice. We talked about Ireland for a while, of the ancient walled city of Athenry in Galway, of the road to Dugort, of Finn MacCool, and of Oisín; and so to Wilfred Scawen Blunt and his experiments in crystal gazing. In as matter-of-fact way as if she spoke of having seen the starlight silver of an early crocus, Ella Young told of her own experiences in seeing things in ink pools, and in looking at fairies. So quiet and sure she was that one had the sensation of listening to some one familiar with vastnesses outside the ordinary intellectual range. The light of truth and sincerity shone in her eyes because of the faith that abode there. Try as I would, I could not bring myself to connect the singer of *The Star of Knowledge*, and of *A Dream of Tir-nan-oge*, with an interest in that sepulchre-like temple which we had so recently left; yet I have heard Ernest Boyd say that

Ella Young could never have written as she did, had there been no Theosophical movement in Ireland. As well might it be said that Liszt would have died with his music in him had there been no pianos; for would there not have been human voices which Liszt would have trained into magnificent choruses? Ella Young is one of those rare souls who rise far out of the realm of necessity. She would be rich and magical, did she live in Abyssinia. She is entirely free of the world about her, and her art is the result of her freedom, her freedom the result of her art. She has made herself free to play with the universe, both visible and invisible.

I wish that I could know again the thrill that came to me when we reached the wind-swept crest of a hill, after leaving Halcyon, and looked down at the black cape called Point Sal. The sight brought to mind a glimpse I once had of the sea on the Devonshire coast; but this struck a more majestic note. I hope, in my next incarnation, that I shall inhabit the body of a sea-gull, so that I may spend weeks and months in such places as these that have fascinated me. A deep green sea, a semi-circle of black cliffs, crested breakers that came in with a deep organ note, a majestic headland in the distance, sea-birds standing on sun-warmed rocks, a broad stretch of golden sand, the snow-white and blue of sky, an acridity of sea-weed,

white gulls swimming in mid-air—these formed a picture that made my house of life seem very glorious. I think that the same sort of delight which children find in unfamiliar sights and scenes came to all of us at sight of the bay. It is a delight that raises a desire for solitude, for a little while, though there is nothing unsocial about the yearning. One would be alone, listening to the marching music of one's heart. So I left our party and went to the foot of the cliffs where the waves had formed a cave, a place cool and still, where the golden sands lay smooth, and where a pool of still water shone like an emerald. Presently I saw that the others had separated. Helen was walking at the water's edge cracking a ten-foot whip of sea-weed that looked like an Australian stockman's lash, whistling the while. Pitz, perched high on a rock, silhouetted against the sky, was spending a world of energy throwing stones afar. McCoy, out on a jutting rock that might have been an islet at high tide, looked like a watching mariner. High on the cliff, a mere speck, Charles adventured. Each to his own delight. Each to his own inspiration. Each to what seemed significant for the moment. It was a rich experience, and rich and radiant experiences do not come by design.



## THE SAN MARCOS TRAIL

They talk a good deal about the San Marcos Trail, and General John C. Frémont, and Foxen, in these parts; and to old Foxen, the hard-case Englishman who led Frémont's army over the trail to Santa Barbara, when the enemy lay in wait elsewhere, they have set up a monument. There is, still living, a cousin of Dana's, of *Two Years before the Mast*, who remembers Frémont, so we paid him a call. The old man sat on the edge of his bed and told us how Frémont, seeing him, a long-haired small boy, had threatened to cut off his curls; and the telling of the tale pleased the old man mightily. Of Dana, his cousin, he seemed to remember very little, but he pointed, without looking, to a faded photograph that hung over the mantelpiece, and told us that it represented Richard Henry Dana, the father, in his prime. It was not until we were outside the house, and the old man pointed with pride to a grove of tall trees, saying, "I helped my father plant these," that I realised the man's span of life. In his boyhood, Cooper, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Emerson, Longfellow, Prescott, Oliver Wendell Holmes, were living. Thomas Carlyle, Thackeray, Charles Kingsley, Dickens, George Eliot, and Darwin were in full activity. Bret Harte, Louisa May Alcott, Mark Twain, Rossetti, William Morris,

Meredith, had yet to win their spurs. A couple or so of years before he saw the light, the first railway was built, and the United States National Debt was paid off. .

Our guide, Frank McCoy, showed us a wonder in the shape of a Eucalyptus forest, several miles in extent; a sight startling in its monotony, with all those tall trees planted in straight rows, equal distances apart. Some one, years ago, had persuaded people with money to invest, that there would be untold millions in the planting of such trees, and the company had thriven apace, as far as the promoters were concerned. When the crop matured, it was discovered that no market existed for the material. But the uselessness and the ugliness were forgotten when we drove up to the ranch house of one of those old Californian families, the land boundaries of which had once been as large as an English county. The house told of spacious days, with a hundred tongues—the wide patio, the reception hall with its great doorways, the billiard room, the shade trees, the roomy window seats, the great mantel mirrors. It was easy, seeing these, to imagine days when there were negro butlers, and Mexican servants, and horses in the courtyard, and a never-ending procession of guests, and an old-time courtesy everywhere apparent. It was easier to imagine it when I looked at the *rancio* with his Castilian ways that

a ruder age had not dispelled. I have seen many of his kind in the Buenos Ayres country—men silent and grave, neatly dressed, their hands of a strange delicacy, an air of dignified resignation because of fallen fortunes pervading them. It came quite natural to me to address him in Spanish, and a few minutes after our meeting we were walking up and down the piazza, smoking, while I heard something of how things were when the property lines touched the far hills and included lakes and rivers. He, too, was related to the Danas, but on his wife's side, and one of his daughters, who had the air of a Spanish woman, the grace too, showed me a diary in neat calligraphy, kept by a ship-companion of Dana's. I leave it to wiser men to explain how, with all our education, young people of to-day seldom write so prettily and legibly as those of a past generation. I also leave to them to explain why the art of reading aloud has almost vanished.

We took care to go to the old site of the Foxen ranch, for Master Foxen's adventure with Frémont is cherished in Californian minds. A strange old boy, this Foxen; sailor, hunter, trapper; "a rough and violent man," says Bancroft, "often in trouble with other rough men and with the authorities, being sentenced to four years in prison in 1848 for killing Augus-

tin Davila, yet accredited with good qualities, such as bravery and honesty." Small wonder that Frémont hesitated in trusting to him.

But what surroundings! The place had the look of a park, what with nasturtiums growing wild; with large live-oaks, the spreading branches of which made grateful shade while grass grew to the very roots; with trailing lichen of lace-like delicacy hanging from the branches of other trees; with so great a profusion of flowers, and rounded green hills which promised a sight of the sea if we climbed them; and a distant ranch nestled in the warm valley.

We heard, too, from one and another, of things romantic: of the doings of hard old John Delamater, the Nestor of freighters, and the giant wagons he used with seven-foot diameter wheels; of Pueblo people who ranged between Taos and California 30,000 years ago and were "very rich in turquoise"; of the scoundrelly fellows who were sent out to chart Salt Lake, by Captain Bonneville, but, instead, wandered down to the neighbourhood of Monterey and gave way to luxury in the way of Paul Bunyan's men; of the outlaw Vasquez, who started his wild career at the age of fourteen at a fandango; of Black Bart, who made it a point of honour to rob but not kill, and who strutted the streets of San Francisco in polished boots and frock coat; and of Joaquín Murrieta, who swore

vengeance in the good old-fashioned way of Robin Hood. We heard, too, of the famous Madame Dupont, cross between a Canadian voyageur and a Louisiana Creole girl, who gambled up and down California and won great riches thereby, who bucked the gold camps, who could ride hard and shoot straight and swear like a trooper, but, for all that, "carried herself like a perfect lady." We heard of that other Californian beauty, Lola Montez, who had ruled majesty in Bavaria, and tried her arts in the West, and became a celebrity; who was known sometimes as Marie Dolores Eliza Gilbert-James-Heald, Countess of Landsfeldt, and who set the fashion in dress, and who was hailed, when she went on the stage, as "the very comet of her sex," and who dragged the violinist Miska Hauser in her train, and who set men by the ears for a season. Also we heard of the lady who was named, variously, as Adelaide McCord, or Ada Isaacs, or Adah Menken; who was born variously in New Orleans, Texas, the West Indies, or Milnesburg, La. It was the Menken who played Mazeppa; who married James Barkley, the California gambler; whose name became associated, as wife or otherwise, with John C. Heenan, the prize fighter, and Edgar Allan Poe, and the Jewish musician, Isaac Menken, and Charles Dickens, and Frank Queen of the New York *Clipper*, and Robert H. New-

ell of the New York *Mercury*, and Lord Carmel, and Swinburne, who wrote for her his verses, "Dolorida"; and when she went to London her carriage and horses were of the finest, and the Society of Herald's approved and registered her "crest," which was of her own choosing and displayed a horse's head surmounted by four aces with the legend Immensabilis, complimentary to Californian Barkley, her "heart's blood," she told Tennyson.

We heard more, for California is the land of romance.

There is an interesting picture of California society in the vivid days, given by G. F. Parsons in his *Life of Marshall*. He writes, "Take a sprinkling of sober-eyed, earnest, shrewd, energetic New England business men; mingled with them a number of rollicking sailors, a dark band of Australian convicts and cut-throats, a dash of Mexican and frontier desperadoes, a group of hardy backwoodsmen, some professional gamblers, whiskey dealers, 'rural agriculturalists' as Captain Wragge styles them; and having thrown in a promiscuous crowd of broken-down merchants, disappointed lovers, black sheep, and unfledged dry-goods clerks, professional miners from all parts of the world, and Adullamites generally, stir up the mixture, season strongly with gold fever, bad liquors, faro, monte, *rouge-et-noir*, quarrels, oaths, pistols,

knives, dancing and digging, and you have something approximating to California society."

For soon after James W. Marshall found gold specks in the millrace at Coloma, in the beginning of the year 1848, and soon after Mrs. Weimer washed the gold in vinegar, and boiled it to test it, the news spread faster than letter or telegraph could take it; and every man who heard, had visions of millions. Were not men making a thousand dollars a day, and what one man could do, another might? Thus ran the thought of those who heard the tale. And here is the queer thing. With all sorts and conditions of men, with everything running wide open, with no organised law, disorder was rare. Not until 1850, when national prejudice began to awaken, were there any serious outbreaks—then came what was known as the "French War," when a group of French miners hit upon a lucky strike. Some one reported that the miners had raised the French flag, and, immediately, that reflex egoism called patriotism became rampant. "Down with the frog-eaters!" was the battle cry, and a man named Blankenship, or Blenkinsop (the name is given variously), led a loyal party of American patriots to the hole where the Frenchmen worked. The Frenchmen fled, leaving everything, and the

Americans carried away what they found, including gold and gold bearing gravel. So the "war" looks very much like a piece of rascally strong-arm work, when you come to consider.







## CHAPTER FIVE

### ON NATIONAL PARKS

IF you should be at a point equi-distant from Sequoia and Yosemite National Parks, do not be led astray by those who tell you that you will see at Sequoia all that is to be seen at Yosemite. People do thus advise. But that, perhaps, is due to the fact that the wonder of the giant trees at Sequoia does not fire the imagination of people who do not stop to think, because all the trees in the forest are giants. But take any, except the most careless, aside and confront him with that Methuselah of trees, General Sherman. Tell him that eighteen men, standing shoulder to shoulder, would make a line about equal to the diameter of the tree. Or draw a perpendicular line eight and a half inches long, and, beside it, a line one-eighth of an inch long, and show him that, proportionately, the dot is to the line what a tall man's height is to the tree—then something may begin to dawn upon him. If that does not open the gates of won-

der by the smallest crack, so that he commences to think, then leave him alone as one impervious to ideas. As for age, it is a tree that may easily live to see the vanishing of this civilisation. It was a lusty giant when Cæsar conquered Britain. It stood tall and mighty when Cyrus, in 539 B.C., marched on Babylon. It was more than a thousand years old when the Chaldeans lifted their eyes to the hills and built the temple of Bel—but of that civilisation there remains hardly a trace, though the temple was built three thousand eighty odd years ago. Since the tree was a sapling how many civilisations have grown, flourished, died—Mayan, Egyptian, Roman, Aztec, Inca, Grecian—besides others utterly forgotten. But the tree endures with no sign of hurt except scars made by fire, and those, students of trees say, will be healed by the year 2012, when General Sherman may begin to enjoy a graceful middle age. Pondering these things one feels something of the tree-worshipping spirit. One understands how the cypress in the sanctuary of Æsculapius at Cos was held in veneration; and why the sacred tree of Romulus was regarded with awe; and why there were holy groves; and why many a man to-day, being forced to fell a tree, expresses regret. All recorded history is but a span in the life of the tree called General Sherman.

Do not, I repeat, be misled by those who tell

you that what you may see at Sequoia is duplicated elsewhere. Not every one goes far enough into the forest to see General Sherman. Some enter so as to be able to say that they have been there, and to get a sticker to put on their windshield. Many make for the so-called Window Tree of filagreed appearance, where time and stress have worn away the substance, because it has been as widely advertised by picture postal cards as Niagara. Some go to the Room Tree first, which is very exciting to mild adventurers because of its chambers and stairway. Then there are the Stricken Tree, rent by lightning; and the Living Corpse, which thrives lustily, although twenty-nine-thirtieths of its bark has been burned away, and its heart eaten by fire; and the Chimney Tree, destroyed by careless campers. But if you have time, there is one trip that should be made. It is to Mount Whitney; not so much, perhaps, for the climb, or even for the view, but because it may bring to mind the man for whom it was made. And Josiah Dwight Whitney is well worth remembering, because he pursued his geological survey in spite of the fact that narrow-visioned politicians of his day could see nothing in his "study of shells and old bones," so did what they could to starve him out, but were not successful. But having made the ascent (here I quote Whitney), "Such a landscape! A hun-

dred peaks in sight over thirteen thousand feet—many very sharp—deep canyons, cliffs in every direction almost rivalling Yosemite, sharp ridges almost inaccessible to man, on which human foot has never trod—all combine to produce a view the sublimity of which is rarely equalled, one which few are privileged to behold.”

## ON GASOLINE STATION MEN

Never shall I cease to marvel at the splendour of courage and endurance that possesses the young men who attend to filling stations in the lonely places. To one of them I said, “Don’t you find it lonesome out here? Don’t you want to see something interesting?”

The man made answer, “I don’t go away because I don’t want to get discontented.”

Perhaps, some of them, having the souls of poets, flee to the wilds and open gasoline stations to the end that they may indulge in sweet contemplation and lonely visions. Or maybe some of them consider the chief good to be in acting justly, for fairness is the rule at all filling stations. Or it may be that some of them are akin to that ambitious man sung of by W. H. Davies; who sought paradise in quiet, after the world’s turmoil; who, finding ambition a delusion, descended from high place for the good of his soul.

"I had Ambition, by which sin  
The Angels fell;  
I climbed, and, step by step, O Lord,  
Ascended into Hell.

"Returning now to peace and quiet,  
And made more wise,  
Let my descent and fall, O Lord,  
Be into Paradise."

Into their chosen paradise many of them take animal pets—prairie dogs, owls, bears, chipmunks, foxes, coyotes. One, in Arizona, near Bill Williams Mountain, had a collection of Gila monsters and snakes. Another, with a strong sense of humour, which he evidently could not repress, had a cage covered with a blanket, and a sign hung on it which read

RED BAT OF NEVADA. VERY RARE.

On lifting a corner of the blanket a brick-bat stood revealed. Near Bakersfield, in California, a filling station man advertised possession of a Sea Serpent, nor did he lie. It was a sea-reptile of a kind to be found off the west coast of Mexico and Central America, a creature like an eel, rich brown along its back, bright yellow beneath, with a barred yellow tail, and about three feet in length—a reptile highly poisonous. The owner told me that he would not part

with it for love or money, nor did I try to tempt him or shake his decision.

While we looked at it, a very brisk and superior-looking man pulled up, got out of his car, and joined us. He came from New York, according to his license plate, and it was soon evident that he looked upon every one who did not come from there as somewhat below par. He had the air of one who had opened and read some vast volume which we could not understand. At least such was his attitude. He laughed scornfully when he read the sign.

"There are no sea-serpents, nor ever were," he declared. "It's a water snake."

He regarded us in superior way, his hands resting on his hips, perhaps waiting for a contradiction, but meeting none, drove off. But mark a coincidence! Less than an hour later we picked up a newspaper in which we read an account, from Sandusky, Ohio, of an eighteen foot snake which two drummers had fished up from Lake Erie, alive. To be sure some certain noble and lofty men declared that the snake was an Indian python, which it may have been, but pythons are land creatures, and it is certain that, for some weeks before the salesmen had caught their reptile, more than one Sanduskean had reported having seen a strange creature poking its head out of the water. But that is not the end of the coincidence. I had, with me,

a letter from Doctor K. M. Strom, of the University of Oslo, referring to a twelfth century record, giving a very circumstantial and true-reading account of a strange creature. Part of it reads as follows:

“Then came a horribly great serpent, awful to look at, and swam so fast against the shore that he stranded on a rock of the promontory near the Cathedral. His eyes were so large as the bottom of a wash-tub and he had a black mane like a horse. He lay a long time on the rock, and beat his head on it, and would finally have been into the lake again, but one of the bishop’s yeomen went to and shot many arrows from his steel bow into the serpent’s eye, when he lay there on the rock. Many people prayed to God in heaven that he would take the monster away, because he was very awful to look at in all his colours. The same yeoman took the arrows of one of his comrades and continued to shoot at the serpent’s eyes until much green substance ran out of it and coloured the water around him. It drifted towards the city shore; but during the night there came a heavy rain and a storm from the east, so that the serpent drifted to the island (Helgoen, in Lake Mjösen) and there was a horrible smell from the carcass. The bishop commanded two men from each of the farms in the neighbourhood to come and burn the carcass. So they used much wood and

burned so much of the serpent as they could, and the spine and the ribs of the monster did lay many years on the shore. Some Germans were allowed to take the best of the bones to carve things from, and a strong man could just carry the small parts of the spine. Many hundreds of cartloads of wood were used before the bad smell was over."

Now there is an air of veracity about that. It has not the ring of fiction, for a fictionist would go on to elaborate. But there are minor incidents, if you notice, of a sort that give an air of verisimilitude—how the archer borrowed arrows and shot into the most vulnerable part—how the creature drifted away—how the dead body was disposed of, and what finally became of the bones. So when we again met the gentleman of certitude, at an auto camp, I showed him the translation, but he smiled a kindly but pitying smile when he handed the writing back to me. Still, to do him justice, he deigned to ask, "How could a thing live for thousands of years?"

"There were Plesiosaurians," suggested Pitz, in his mild way.

"But how could anything live for thousands of years?" asked the New York man, sharply, as if impatient.

So there the discussion came to an end as far as he was concerned. But we had seen those



ancient trees in Sequoia, and could not help thinking how, before the old soldier-trapper had discovered the tree called General Sherman, no one in the world would have believed that anything had lived for more than three thousand years and still flourished. And is it childish to believe that, if California held so strange a secret until recent years, the deep seas, which no man has penetrated, may also hold secrets? Has everything on the world been scientifically described? Could old Plesiosaurus have had no descendants who hide in deep ocean caves which may be now exactly as they were in Mesozoic times? And it is not so very long ago, geologically speaking, when Lake Mjösen was part of the sea. True, that while there is testimony that strange sea-creatures have been seen, none have been caught. Yet ask yourself these questions: Have you ever been passenger in any steam ship which, had it encountered a sea-monster, was equipped to capture it? Or, seeing one, would the commander of any trans-Atlantic steamship that you know of, put about and give chase? Or would some enthusiastic sportsman on the passenger list carry with him sufficient hook and line for such a capture? If so, what bait would he use?

As I say, we were discussing along these lines, while we were being supplied by the gasoline man, who, while cleaning the wind-shield

whistled, tunefully, the air of Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon. So I asked him what part of Scotland he hailed from, and he told us County Fife, then offered the information that they had a Burns' Club in the neighbouring town. He would have told us more, for he had a friendly way about him, but just then came interruption. For a motor bus drove up, and passengers got out to stretch their legs; and boys from the town ran to get packages of newspapers which they slit open and offered for sale; and other sedate and prosaic passengers sat solemnly in the seats, lest the bus go off and leave them stranded in the wild; and those aged men whom you may see at every filling station in the land, drowsing and brooding the livelong day, took mild interest in things; and the chauffeur (often called the operator in the new vocabulary of the road) made badinage with the gasoline station man; and some ran into the near-by house to gulp down sugared drinks which never could quench thirst nor evoke any spirit of sociability. So it was like, and yet unlike, old stage-coach days, with Tony Weller replaced by a semi-military looking son, and the gasoline man succeeding the hostler. What is lacking, though, is the inn, where, at the end of a day, people used to meet in good-humour and kindness, so that to start on a journey was to embark on a crusade of joy. Also, it is not

possible to increase human happiness by walking to a barn where a drink of wine, or a bottle of beer may be taken in secrecy. However, in the gasoline station man there survives something of the spirit of the old-time hostler; man of helpfulness, humour and patience. We look upon him as a being possessed of all kinds of knowledge—distances, state of roads, sights worth seeing, weather conditions, market conditions, detours, local news, the humour of motors—to say nothing of the way in which he is regarded as one to take unfailing interest in tales of speed, and deeds of derring-do, and economy of fuel, and marvels of performance. The only gasoline station men we did not like were occasional college students who did their work with a supercilious air, or with seedy majesty, or as if they had struck some clear-toned harp of their own, not to be understood by common people who rode in inexpensive cars. But your true gasoline man is democratic, one to whom Pierce Arrows and cut-down Fords look alike. He has a fine scorn of mere wealth, abhors pretence and conceit, has a hand outstretched to help. In him right doing is manifest, and he carries himself as one born to do a man's work. He enlightens and he guides. He will entertain you though you have no news for him but your troubles and your sorrows. Him I salute with admiration and respect.

I seem to remember a poem, but again the name of the poet escapes me. I think it very suitable for all gasoline station men.

“When in the unseen balances I weigh  
My soul, to see how more or less it is,  
And in the one or other scale I lay  
My sins, my strivings, and my charities;  
I find my computations far astray.  
As deeds their true validity disclose;  
And here is one—what does the dial say?—  
That little thing I did that no one knows.”

And here is another for the gasoline station man, also Anonymous:

“Lord, keep me from the curse of Fame,  
The praise of men; and let me save  
My soul alive, lest I should shame  
The little talent that You gave;  
Lest I should pander to the mob,  
And sell myself for gold, and shirk  
The difficulties of the job,  
And put my name to rotten work.”

#### NATURE'S MOODS

Once, on a summer evening when we were sailing off the island of Fernando Norohna, an old sailor asked me what kind of a tour I would lay out, were I asked to do so by some one who sought to experience Nature's moods. They

were not his words, but they signify his meaning. He had been telling me of the three most beautiful things in the world—every man who has been to sea has heard the same thing—which, as the answer runs are: first, a full rigged ship under all canvas; second, a field of corn; third, a woman in a state of expectant motherhood. At the time I could think of no proper answer either to his question relating to esthetics, or his other question. Thoughts came of the Andes seen from a channel west of Patagonia where the cliffs dropped down sheer into a still sea, and where beryl-blue glaciers ended in a waterfall; of the Sahara at sunset when the world was red and indigo and gold; of the far-flung wastes of Saskatchewan in harvest time—but they could be comprised in no continuous tour.

But now I know. I would begin such a tour on the Pacific coast at Point Sal, where Nature is sweetly companionable on a day of softest silence—that would be Nature at rest. Then the course would run over the Coast Range and into the fertile valleys beyond, along roads where nasturtiums grow wild—that would be Nature calling to human activity, Nature lavish, Nature making for comfort and ease, and physical health and well-being. Next, the way would lead to the desert's edge, where Nature could be seen in her Nietzschean mood, stern

and unbending, emphatic, unkind, self-assertive, ruthless. Then the course would lay through the chain of National Forests—Sierra National Forest, then Stanislaus, then Eldorado, then Tahoe, then Plumas, then Lassen, and Shasta, and Klamath, and so to the sea. Thus there would be seven hundred miles in a circular sweep, without counting voluntary detours, which would be many, if my tourists were those of the right sort—who filled their hours with pleasure, and not duty. For the traveller on pleasure bent who turns an ear to Duty is as a lost soul.

But a word about the desert, especially Deaths' Valley, which you may see from Dante's Peak, a point six thousand feet above sea level. I have said that the desert is Nature in her Nietzschean mood; and, when you come to think of it, you will see that out of the desert lands came a sort of superman with the Apache, who made his own that territory between the Great Salt Lake and Chihuahua—a place of lava beds, of canyons a thousand feet deep, of high and stony plateaux, of isolated peaks, and of vast stretches of alkaline plain where the sun scorches by day and frost nips by night. (One must remember, incidentally, that Apache is a generic term and includes Comanche, Navajo, Mohave, Hualapsis, Yumas; besides their subdivisions of Mescaleros, Llaneros, Kotchis,

Coyoters, and others.) But not only did the desert make savage her native sons, but, if we are to believe the cloud of tradition based on hard fact, it swiftly changed those who came from civilisation into savages, when the pale-face decided that the only good Indian was a dead Indian. For men said that it was a weak humanitarianism and sentimentality which regretted that a capable white race should replace a people unable to utilise its land for the full benefit of mankind. So terrors came into being. Here I quote Reclus, and a host of witnesses: the Mexican governor of Chihuahua set a price on Indian scalps, nor did the bounty cease until it became evident that many white scalps threatened to flood the market, for there were professional scalp hunters. Then, in 1864, came the affair of Owens Lake, when two hundred Indians were surrounded and forced to drown themselves. There was that other affair of April 30th, 1871, when, after a fight, troops brought in Apache prisoners, and colonists of the vicinity "rushed upon the captives and cut the throats of a hundred." There were other horrors, as that one told of by Washington Irving in his *Adventures of Captain Bonneville*, how white men burned Indian prisoners alive; and in *Astoria* where an Indian was slowly strangled by hanging, for stealing a cup; and many more that need not be dragged from their

veteran retirement. I indicate one mood of the desert, and the results of that mood. But there is another mood. It is a mood that has been reflected by Doughty, Cunninghame Graham, Burton, Lawrence. So it was a pleasant surprise when I saw, pinned on the wall above the desk of a gasoline station, a page from a Medical Journal showing a picture of a man standing on Dante's Peak, and, this sonnet by Burton Haseltine:

"No man so dull but in some moment rare  
The magic thrill of Beauty he has known,  
That golden moment which he may not share,  
For he who looks on Beauty stands alone.  
Alone and lonely, with a loneliness  
Half rapture, half a wild, nostalgic pain,  
As one recalling with a fond distress  
The face of one he shall not see again.

"I think the soul of man has some time dwelt  
Where Beauty's self abides; presence felt,  
Is but the presage of a home returning,  
The sign and covenant under God's own hand,  
That we shall see again that promised land."

Sequoia's mood is one of dignified retrospection because of those ancient trees, and what they have seen and experienced, with so much hidden in the dim, grey past that man can never know. The sun that nourished them nourished also a world that saw agonies and hopes; the



preaching of Augustine, the battling for Constantinople, the Hundred Years' War, the growing spirit of destruction that enveloped half a world; but, also, the coming of many whose messages and whose works were as draughts of living water to thirst-maddened men. And in spite of noblest efforts and expended zeal, they live in a world rent in discord, anger, unrest, rebellion; live in a world when nations are overwhelmed with monstrous debts, and humiliated by financial disaster, and torn by faction. Yes, Sequoia's mood is one of retrospection.

But go to General Grant National Park and know a different mood. You will find something akin to the untroubled zest of childhood, and a never-ending delight because of the novelty of things. It is as a pleasant and refreshing companion on a pilgrimage. "Here," it seems to say, "is a world of beauty and of quiet; and if the world is enjoyed as it should be, if it is loved for its beauty, if the unutterable brevity of human life is realised to the end that every moment may be forced to yield its sweetness, then the record of the follies of man is arid and meaningless."

Yosemite's mood is that of fine geniality and patient good-nature. Like a splendid host, he has thrown open for enjoyment that which had long been guarded in secret, not in any stingy mood, but as a gardener guards his growing

flowers, revealing them when at their best to enjoy the amazement and astonishment of the guests. Yosemite's mood is one of gladness because men may see a world exquisite and fine, where joy does not depend upon excitement, but rather upon an awakened sense of wonder at beholding so many rare sights:—that mighty rock, called by the Indians Tu'tu'can'nea, now known as El Capitan, which rises more than three thousand feet above the valley; the lake of clear, cold, ice-water called Tanava, so strangely cupped in high mountains; the flashing Merced River; those waterfalls of beauty and irrepressible force; the spire which men call The Sentinel; that split mountain, The Half Dome, which tells a tale of resistance to grinding glaciers, and to other extinct forces, and which stands proud-headed in the delight of triumph and success. Yosemite is a genial host, full of good-nature, indulgent, happy to see his guests enjoy life on their own terms, even though enjoyment have a ring of triviality about it; as when some one arranges matters to the end that people on far heights spill the embers of a big bonfire down the face of the white cliff, as a spectacle to call forth "Ohs!" and "Ahs!"—the Firefall, they call it. Perfectly complacent and contented, Yosemite is not hostile to anything except disorder and wastefulness. Anything that helps, that invigorates, that sustains and

pleases his guests, well satisfies him. His guests may go about inspired to joyfulness by what they see, or they may be fantastic and sentimental; they may clamber about the heights to enjoy a vista of beauty and delight, or they may rest in luxurious apathy. It is a multitudinous world, in which live all sorts and conditions of men. Yosemite will not take up the rôle of exercising influence. He is like a perfect host—well-bred, finest-tempered, glad if those who visit him are light-hearted and high-spirited.

A hatchet-faced woman who did not grasp the spirit of Yosemite, held forth from her rocker on the lodge porch, very declarative. She was a censorious female, cross-grained and heavy-handed, with an earnestness unrelieved by lightness of touch. In her abode a spirit of destruction, even of sadism. Some one said something about Californian wine-bricks, and that gave her an opening. She bristled. She became echinate. She would, she declared, root up every vineyard in the state if she had her way. She would forbid the manufacture of yeast foam, of bottle tops, of cider; of vanilla, and ginger, and lemon extracts. In every town and every village she would erect pillories and whipping posts for the punishment of drinkers, be they ever so moderate. Worthy people who

did not drink, but who raised their voices against prohibition, she would treat as conspirators against the common-weal. Growing statistical-minded, she told us that the government was spending eighteen billion dollars a year "for crime."

"It's getting a lot for the money," murmured Pitz; but she did not hear, and went on, "I would spend ten times the amount if I had the power."

"Courage rising to the height of calamity," said I.

The hatchet-faced woman paid no attention, but went on, telling how there should be laws against smoking, how it would be a good thing to prohibit the growing of tobacco and the manufacture of pipes. "I would not let a playing card be sold. I would make it a penal offence to enter a speak-easy. I would remove temptation from the paths of men and so build an enduring society. These things must be done, and there shall be diffusion of knowledge and spread of enlightenment. Men shall be delivered from serpent sorceries. The young shall regain reverence, and discern what is high and noble. We shall raise the moral standard of America."

She paused for breath before taking further flights, and, by way of getting a good start,

turned to Charles, who sat near her, and asked, "What do you think, young man?"

"Well," said he, "wouldn't it be a good idea to leave a little for God to do?"

And talking about leaving things for God to do, reminds me to say a word about the wonder of what was accomplished by the Jesuits in the Californian country, long ago. If there was a single case of cruelty or unfairness from the year 1698, when the Jesuits first landed, until to-day, as between religious man and native, I have never heard of it. The priests entered into friendly relations with the Indians, won their esteem, gained their affection, held their interest, inaugurated a higher standard of life at the beginning, and went on and on, as it is nearly always possible to go on when the lust for gold does not enter into relations. You remember, perhaps, that saying of Goethe: "The chief concern of every man is not, as it should be, the formation of his character. The most wish merely to find a recipe for comfort or a way to acquire riches and whatever else they aim at." The Jesuits seem to have acted in a way that would have sent Goethe into rapturous approval. And, because they did not seek wealth and material growth directly, those came as a result. And there was peace and happiness, and the spirit of cheerfulness

reigned. Priest and Indian worked with joyful hearts. There were high thinking and generous strivings. The teachers were, indeed, diffusers of light, not sowers of discord. Irving tells the tale of how, under orders from those who knew nothing of how things were, a governor landed to expel the Jesuits, and take charge of the country, expecting to find immense treasure of gold and silver; how he found only a few venerable silver-haired priests, and a crowd of natives who were trustful as children; how the governor's heart was touched by the sight, and how, when the Jesuits left, the Indians, like little ones deserted by their guardians, went sorrowfully away, abandoning their hereditary abodes. The tale of the Jesuits in California is equalled only by that other tale of the Jesuits in Uruguay, who, by means of music, tamed a trustful people. That you may read of in Cunningham Graham's *A Vanished Arcadia*, and it is well worth reading.

#### THE CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY

We did not escape the tale of California's master monopolist, Henry Miller, who died the owner of a million acres and a million head of cattle in 1916, although his beginnings were unpromising enough, since he started to work, in San Francisco, as a butcher's helper, in 1850.

Some spoke of him with bated breath, as men in feudal days might have spoken of the dominant baron. Others were otherwise, doubting his intelligence, his wisdom, his conduct, regarding him as a man mad with the spirit of acquisition, spending a life in bargaining and merchandising, insatiable in his appetite for wealth, a sort of a megalomaniac. So it is difficult to get correct impressions. However, the story of his holdings tell a tale of large-scale operations, for they stretched from Silvies Valley in southeast Oregon, to Winnemucca and the territory north of Quin River in Nevada, then there was an immense tract in the San Joaquin River Valley in California, another great tract north of the San Benito River, other tracts near San Francisco, and still another immense territory south of Tulare Lake and in the Kern River Valley. There were also power plants and many minor industries under his control, to say nothing of irrigation enterprises, railroad ventures, abattoirs, all sorts of partnerships. His property, at the time of his death, was estimated at \$50,000,000, and his assets in the beginning were \$6.00. He seems to have been a hard-headed man of business, simple in his tastes, fair according to his lights, but quite without any sense of moral obligation to the commonwealth that made his immense estate a possibility. Some of the \$50,000,000, it would seem,

might have easily been absorbed in a lowering of the price of beef. However, there was his insatiable desire for wealth, and there were conditions allowing him to satisfy that desire, so what will you? Some say that Miller did tricky things—but then those who believe that money can do everything, are frequently prepared to do everything for money.

Others say that Mr. Miller, towards his end, came to wonder what all that activity had been for. His mood, if stories are to be believed, was at the last that of the unknown poet who penned his *Diminuendo* thus:

“Once on a time I sought the earth,  
Holding naught else of any worth.  
But now ambition and desire  
Sink before a fading fire.

“What do I ask to-day? A cot,  
A chair, a fire, a sunny spot,  
And when I get my next address  
I’ll be content with even less.”

#### BRET HARTE’S COUNTRY

The Californians do not boast. Instead, they do things. They have all the energy and enthusiasm of school-boys full of a sense of eager happiness. We headed for Oakland, out of Yosemite, expecting nothing much in the



way of exceptional interest, and, all of a sudden, California began to remind us that we were in the Bret Harte country. There were the river-beds, scooped up and thrown over into mile long heaps where placer-miners once worked; and there was the old ford on the Fork

“ . . . that nearly got Flanigan’s leaders.

Nasty in daylight, you bet, and mighty rough ford in low water.”

“Thereabouts lived Briggs of Tuolumne who “busted hisself in White Pine, and blew out his brains in ‘Frisco,” the Briggs who owned Chiquita. Dow’s Flat too we saw, named after Dow who

“Had the worst kind of luck;

He slipped up somehow

On each thing that he struck,

Why, ef he’d a straddled a fence-rail, the derned thing’d get up and buck.”

The country-side through which we went teemed with ghosts—Truthful James; the Lily of Poverty Flat, called Folinsbee’s gal; Thompson of Angels; Flynn of Virginia; the splendid Mr. Oakhurst, and the Duchess; Uncle Billy, and Piney; Brown of Calaveras and Mr. Jack Hamlin, the cynical philosopher; the magnificent, sharp-shooting, square-shooting, dignified, lightning-fingered, generous, loyal, razor-edged

Colonel Starbottle. We saw the Bret Harte cottage, the shanty that housed the Debating Society on the Stanislaus, the tree on which seven Mexicans caught stealing were hanged, many stage-coach stopping places, joints where bar-tenders used to be resolute and firm, gardens the exact replica of that in which Mr. Calton met the attractive and flirtatious Frida, ramshackle houses in settlements (almost blown away now) where the *Clarion* was published.

There is a town, the name of which I refuse to mention because of an incident, where still stands a hotel at which the Pioneer Coach used to stop, and the coach, you remember, was driven by Yuba Bill. I hold its name secret because of this incident. While my companions were taking their meal, I walked down a side-street for the sheer fun of stepping on an authentic board sidewalk. Of a sudden I became aware that I was passing an old-time saloon, a miner's joint, of a kind I have often sought for the sake of conviviality. Looking in the door-way, I saw the familiar long mahogany counter, three great mirrors, one of which had a bullet hole in it, the round tables with little shelves, knee high, where beer glasses could be kept so that the card-tables should not be spattered, bottles of many colours in front of the mirrors; and, as I live, some old miners' notices, and stage-coach announcements, framed

and hanging on the walls. Behind the bar, polishing his glasses, was a fine Falstaffian bartender, his grey hair smoothed down and parted in the middle, his moustaches saucily curled. I bade him good-day, and remarked that his place looked like a real saloon in the days when it was possible to get a glass of good whisky.

"Want one?" he asked.

"Don't mind if I do," I said.

Thereupon, as when the course of things were left to Nature's law, he set on the counter a whisky glass, then a bottle of whisky, and left me to fill my glass as I chose. So, not to spoil the spirit of the thing, remembering etiquette, I said, "Won't you take one?"

Saying that he would, he gracefully produced a glass like a magician, poured out a reasonable drink for himself, raised his glass, said, "Here's lookin' at you," and drank.

"This," said I, "beats speak-easies."

He regarded me with solemnity for a moment; then, because of the flame of enthusiasm in his breast, made answer, thus: "I kept a saloon in the old days. I keep one now. I've had troubles, which isn't here or there. But, let me tell you, no kid under age, nor no woman, ever gets what they oughtn't have in my place, nor ever did."

Just then a man of considerable age came in, and, at a glance, I knew him for a Norwegian

or a Dane. Being invited (for hospitality is a high and heavenly thing), he joined us; and, while we were enjoying our companionship, I asked a question or two, thereby discovering that the man had been in that vicinity for fifty years; since he was twenty, in fact. He had, he said, "worked up in the gulch," in his youth; then went to the Chicago Exposition, where he worked as assistant to the man in charge of the winch that hauled in the captive balloon. So I asked him if he remembered the name of the winch-boss, and he said that he did, and that it was Billy Reagan. And see how strangely things fall out!—That same Billy Reagan worked as conductor on a railroad of which I was general manager, in Ohio, in days when passengers worried about catching trains, and not as now, when trains and trainmen worry about catching passengers. It made me very happy to shake hands with the patriarch and the bar-tender, and I counted the price of six bits as very light for all that geniality and contact with the past.

#### NORTHWARD BOUND

At Stockton we tossed up a dollar to decide whether we should go to Oregon by way of Lassen, or by way of the coast, and the latter won. Fate leads the willing but drives the

stubborn. So we came to see the Napa Valley with its prosperous farms, and its orchards thick-hung with ripening fruit, and the river, which is a considerable body of water, and many majestic oaks; and an old, very old man, at a filling station, told us that he remembered when the first telegraph line was operated, and how the office was crowded with men eager to try the experiment at a dollar a word. Through St. Helena we went, a thriving town, nestled in a valley flanked by bold, rocky ridges; and on to Calistoga, redolent of memories of Robert Louis Stevenson, and his *Silverado Squatters*—a much neglected book of singular liveliness; amusing, and more than amusing. Then we cut across, by an interesting side-road, to Geyserville; but the geysers were not of the spectacular sort, but merely hot springs. Once upon a time great hopes were entertained by boosters, who magnified, and exaggerated, and had visions of millions; so a great hotel (for those days of the 1860's) was built, and the stockholders had to grin and bear it. But St. Helena people are wiser nowadays.

So we came to the drive through the Redwoods, between Eureka and Crescent City, and the world has nothing more beautiful to offer. Lucky is the man who drives an open car with the top thrown back, for only thus can the glory of the Redwood Drive be appreciated. We

passed through on a day of golden sunshine, though the north-west wind blew almost bleak and chill when we came to the stretches of sea-coast. But the glades were warm, and brown, and crimson, and green—laughing regions. There was a rayed splendour of sunlight in that proud forest. The trees, looking to right and left as one went, had an appearance of being mighty columns of some vast cathedral that was to be, fluted columns all of fifteen feet in diameter, running up to a hundred feet and more without a branch. There were mosses and ferns, and festooned lichens. When we stopped, as we often did, the silence was broken only by the sound of sea-surges. At the town of Trinidad we were told of an adventurer, long ago, who planned, and started to make, a schooner out of a single redwood tree—a ship out of a single trunk, of twenty-five foot beam, and keel a hundred! With that, he hoped to sail around the world. But, as Thoreau once pointed out, many a man sets out to build a bridge to the moon, but winds up by making a wood-shed of the material. This dreamer did no more than cut down a tree, by use of augers. Still, in Victoria, B. C., there is on exhibition a ship, though smaller, made out of a single tree, in which a man sailed alone almost around the world.

A sadder tale belongs to the town of Eureka,

or rather to an island in the near-by bay. There were, in February, 1860, two tribes camped in the neighbourhood. For safety's sake, while the warriors were hunting, the squaws, children, and the infirm were left on the island, and they numbered more than a hundred. One night there came a gang of white rascals, who rowed across, and, in cold blood, murdered every soul. For years after, the surviving Indians took terrible revenge, burning and slaying and torturing, terrorising the entire country between the coast and Klamath, having their stronghold in the Siskiyou Mountains.

Another tale of trouble arising out of the conflict of races is attached to this section, and has to do with the Indian named Captain Jack, who was hanged at Klamath, in 1873, with three others, two of his fellows being reprieved when the rope was about their necks. There had been killings, with whites to blame quite as much as red-men; and when Major James Jackson essayed to round up the Modocs, the Indians were victors, and took up their stronghold in the Lava Lands, where attempts to dislodge them failed. So, a Peace Commission being appointed, opposing parties met in an attempt to smooth many matters which had a very rough and irregular foundation. Perhaps all men attitudinise at such times, and attitudinising

breeds anger. At any rate, General Canby spoke of the life-giving warmth of the white man's friendship, and, in ending, declared that the white man's law was straight and strong.

Then Captain Jack, the Indian chief, remembering many things that rankled, took a stick and drew a zigzag line in the dust and said, "Your white-man's law is crooked as this." But after that picturesque beginning, he went on to say more; as how the red-man had been dispossessed and driven and exploited. He had demands to make too; especially, that his people should be allowed to settle in the land near to Hot Creek; and, like Jack Cade, and Wat Tyler, and a dozen other leaders of unorganised men, he demanded instant decision. Time and place to make decision were then and there, Indian fashion. Indians, like Shakespeare's characters, are, and have been always, convinced that delays have dangerous ends.

"Do you agree, or not?" asked Captain Jack. "I am tired of waiting."

Seeing the cloud of growing anger, Mr. Meacham, of the Peace Commission, begged General Canby to promise, and have done with the business. Then another Indian spoke up, and Meacham began his talk, with the interpreter turning what he said into Modoc. But already the explosive had been touched with a match. Captain Jack fired a shot which took



General Canby under the right eye. Another Indian shot a Doctor Thomas, of the Peace Commission. Several shots hit Meacham, but none of them very serious. So there were retaliations, and reprisals, with General J. C. Davis surrounding the Modocs until they surrendered; and with General Davis deciding to hang a dozen, off-hand, until wiser counsels prevailed; and the wiser decision being resented by white settlers in the country, some of them held up a train, conveying Modocs to Klamath, and killed several. Then came the last scene; with Captain Jack making an eloquent speech, and the gallows at Klamath, October 3, 1873.

Some say that Captain Jack was a rascal and a murderer who well merited the rope. Some, again, hold that he was a hero because he died that others might gain, for he supposed himself to be resisting an invader. If so his deed, which was tantamount to suicide, is to be classed with the deeds of Codrus and Themistocles, or like that of Eleazer in the Book of Maccabees who "put himself in jeopardy, to the end that he might deliver his people, and get him a perpetual name." But I, having read the last speech of the Indian, can come to no other conclusion than that in him was something of the spirit set forth by that very minor poet, Ronald Campbell McFie, in his adventure.

“What an adventure it will be to die.  
When the dark sky,  
Rent like the sepals of a ripened rose,  
Parts to disclose  
The Golden heart of Beauty at its core!  
What a divine adventure to explore  
The Valley of the Shadow, where the roar  
Of Life’s red river gradually grows dumb  
And darkness strangles us and we become  
Sightless, and numb,  
Nerveless, and cold,  
Feeling the dear familiar body torn  
—A robe outworn—  
From the immantled spirit fold by fold!  
What an adventure it will be to die,  
And in a magic moment be reborn  
Passing unconsciously on a sigh  
From night to morn—  
To wake from sleep and find  
The eyes no longer blind;  
And like a sword unsheathed, and bright, and  
bare,  
The swift emancipate immortal Mind  
Flashing and flaming in an ampler air.”



## CHAPTER SIX

### OREGON AND BEYOND

WE swept inland from Crescent City, crossed the border into Oregon, and followed the road that runs parallel with Illinois River, for some time. It is an excellent road, wide, well surfaced, the curves generous, and low stone walls for protection where banks run steeply down to the river. We intended to reach, and doubtless would have reached, Grant's Pass that night, had it not been for a tragedy. Ahead of us was a run-about with a young man and his wife. They had passed us while we were at Crescent City. Now there is a wide curve soon after one enters Oregon, a broad road too, so broad that it would be easy for eight automobiles to run abreast and still have room to spare. Around this curve, and going up hill, went the man and his wife; and down hill came three young women

from Michigan, but on the wrong side of the road. We did not see the accident, happily, but we did see enough to enable us to conjecture what happened. Swerving, to get out of the way of the women, the man's car came close to the low wall, but the woman driver in the other car, excited, fell to screaming instead of steering, so down the hundred-foot bank went the car with man and wife. Both were killed, and the car was smashed flat, so that it looked like a tin toy which had been stepped on by a giant foot. It was the only accident we encountered in our twelve thousand miles. The shock of it unnerved us somewhat, so that we stopped at the first camp we saw.

Now a tall man was in charge of the camp, a fellow with a tricky look about him, though by no means dishonest. He had the look of one who had seen much, and experienced much. He had the look of one stuffed full of tales, and, with that sort, it is only necessary to say a word or two to unlock the flood gates of reminiscence.

"This here place got me when I first clapped eyes on it," he told me, after he had taken a seat on the bench beside me. And it was a beauty spot—hills of pines, a tumbling river, a valley touched with the setting sun, a breeze good and brisk, a rugged cliff to the south, a bank of ferns of brightest green. The natural beauty

of the spot would attract any one with an eye for the picturesque.

"How did you come here?" I asked.

"I left Barnum and Bailey's Show at Stockton," he told me. "I was a slack-wire performer."

Then he launched into an interesting tale of his travels: how he had been with the show in Europe; how he had been assistant to the lion tamer; how he had invented tricks; how he had fumed, because, though he went everywhere with the show, he saw nothing of the country; how he had sailed in a schooner to Eureka, from San Francisco, after leaving the show; then walked to Crescent City, where he fell in love with the country. "But," he said, "I'm about fed up with the scenery now. I'll see Crater Lake, then I'll try to get across seas; because I always wanted to see them pyramids of Egypt." He added a profound truth then: "You know," he said, ruminatively, "the hardest part of travel is gettin' away from the house you're livin' in. The rest of it's easy."

Just before we started our evening game of cribbage, a man who lived near by came up, and I fell into conversation with him. His sad tale was that he had always wanted to see the Grand Canyon; and, born in New Jersey, had trekked west, living in Ohio, in Missouri, in Colorado, and New Mexico for years at a time, never sav-

ing anything worth mentioning, though he had always worked steadily. But at last he got to Tucson, where he worked at odd jobs for nine years, hoping all the time to see the sight he burned to behold. At last, with a small nest egg, he paid his fare to Ash Fork, so seemed within measurable distance of his heart's desire; and, to assure himself enough money with which to see the canyon, went to work in a garage for a few weeks. But his splendid dream came to an end when a woman marked him for her prey. "I got married," he said, "and a woman can throw away more with a spoon than a man can bring in with a shovel. And there I was, further away from the Grand Canyon than ever. So we split up, and I came here, and when I'll see the Canyon, the Lord only knows. Experience is a mighty dear school, but fools learn in no other."

#### CRATER LAKE

All of us are seeing wonders in these days. G. Lowes Dickensen tells us that we are witnessing the great smash-up of capitalistic society—but the process has a sort of hum-drum look. I had expected the end to come with cannon and guillotines, a sort of explosion that would put Sho-Bandai-San to shame. Then, according to Professor Sir Arthur Eddington, the whole uni-

verse is an expanding bubble, the parts of which are separating so fast, that its remote edges already escape the reach of the most powerful telescopes. So there's another excitement for us, denizens of a cosmic bubble that has already burst; but again the process is hum-drum. Human life is too brief to enable us to realise and enjoy really great excitements. We see no more of the cosmic drama than is revealed in a flash of lightning. If I had my choice of what I might witness that was really exciting, and within the compass of a man's days in the world's history, I would choose that tremendous sight when the volcano called Mazama blew up and left the hole in which Crater Lake rests. And what a hole it is! Twenty miles and more in circumference, and four thousand feet deep.

Once Mount Mazama stood a heaven touching height; snow-capped, one of the giants of the Cascades. For years there must have been thunderings in the earth, subterranean rumblings, tremblings, preliminary convulsions. Then the peak opened slowly, and incandescent masses of molten rock welled out, and glaring red-hot lava shot high, to fall among pine forests that burst into flame—a forest fire of a magnitude that shall never be again. New peaks grew in a few hours on the mountain side, and they became vents that vomited poison gases and acids, and sent forth strangely con-

torted clouds of steam that rose to heaven, blotting out the sun, then spread over the world, a veil that stretched from horizon to horizon, reflecting red glares as if the very heavens were aflame. And torrents of molted, red-hot rock fell in cataracts down the mountain side. And rocks that had been ejected fell into fiery lakes of partly solidified lava. And the gods of the skies, fierce-flaming, offended, let loose their artillery so that white lightnings, and fearful thunderings, and earth drowning rains defied the under-world gods. Then, in mad delirium, the under-earth rebels, creatures at Vulcan's call, gathered themselves together for the supreme effort, and, with an explosion that made the old world tremble, hurled the mountain top heaven-wards, amid a torrent of blazing lava.

That would have been a sight to see. But Master-workman Time has healed earth's wounds. That which was a jagged and fearful depth made by frenzied gods is now Crater Lake, a water of serenest calm and coldest blue; and the ear is pleased with summer-night music in that mountain-basin. And the terrible rim has become a flowery shore where dainty colours capture the fancy. It is a place where men may lay their burdens down and rest in green shade, without a thought.

This paradise of ease was discovered by men



who sought hidden treasure, what was known as the Lost Cabin mine, in 1853.

#### HOMeward BOUND

Now Crater Lake marked the end of our journey. But we could not hold with the saying running to the effect that he travels well who returns by the way he went. Besides, we had read that most wonderful tale of travel, Washington Irving's *Astoria*. And in that too-little known book, there is an account of the ship *Tonquin*; how it dropped anchor in the bay south of where the town of Victoria now stands, and how the Neweetee Indians boarded it, and how the man Lewis blew up the ship and destroyed both his enemies and himself. There is another account of the adventures of Mr. Hunt, who first crossed the wilderness of Idaho, and, in spite of terrible misfortunes, found his way to the mouth of the Columbia. Then there was among us much talk of seeing Mount Hood; and we were all in agreement that at the cost of a few hundred miles it would be better to go home by a new way. Again, a little incident helped, and it was this: We stopped to eat at a place, the name of which I forget, where they advertised muffins. While the confection was very good, yet it was not muffins as I knew them. And I remembered a

place in Victoria, where both muffins and crumpets, the authentic thing, were to be had; so I wanted to enrich my companions' knowledge. The long and short of it was, that we decided to extend our trip to Puget Sound.

And while I am on the muffin and crumpet matter, let me tell you how to prepare the dish, then insist upon it that your wife tries the experiment. You will find the recipe worth the price of this book, and more.

#### MUFFINS AND CRUMPETS

I beseech you, do not take this recipe lightly. I am concerned in imparting information about anything that gives access to new life. First, get a pint of warm milk, two pounds of flour, one egg, a pinch of salt, an ounce of good butter, and a quarter-pint of brewer's yeast. For the last, you can use the canned preparation which some individuals, who object to the moral climate imposed upon them, use in the manufacture of home-brew. Beat these ingredients well together, then set the mixture to rise—which it will have done when little bubbles begin to form on the top; then bake in moderate heat, after putting the dough in little pans of iron about the size of the lid of an ordinary coffee can. That is for the muffins. For the crumpets, use only half the amount of flour. Do not

let your cakes bake brown, but only to a pale yellow. You may let them cool if you like, and so enjoy the second process, which is toasting before a bright fire, with a toasting fork, then buttering them profusely, and eating them warm. If you follow this recipe closely, you will feel the quickening of new and larger hopes and aims. You will find it impossible to withhold admiration for the cook.

#### FLASHING THROUGH OREGON

We had to abandon our extreme leisureliness in Oregon, because certain plain facts had commenced to emerge regarding our assets. Travellers without money are like birds without wings. Or, as the Chinese say, "He that is without money might as well be buried in a rice tub with his mouth sewn up." Happily we had been given to a healthy, sound simplicity and a seemly plainness. And when we stood on Pilot Bluff, a little extinct volcano near the town of Bend, and saw to the northeast the ridges of the Ochoho and Blue Mountains, and in an opposite direction, the Paulina Mountains—when we saw Mount Hood, and Mount Jefferson, and that strange height called Three Fingered Jack, and a half dozen other peaks, we knew that Oregon held more treasures than we had suspected. Lakes, craters, lava beds, the sediment

of ancient seas, marine fossils, ice caves, petrified sequoias, water falls, invited. But we came by accident upon an interesting drive. We had intended to run north to The Dalles, then along the Columbia River. But at the town of Madras we met a man who told us of a side road that ran to Wapinitia, which, he said, was in fair condition, and ran closely parallel to the Cascades. We found the road very good, as indeed were all the Oregon roads, and thus pleasantly passed through a well-watered country, with Mount Wilson on our left hand; then we crossed the Cascade Mountains by Wapinitia Pass, and came in full sight of snow-capped Mount Hood, on a road edged with pine trees. One ridge over which we crossed gave on a sight of contentment and prosperity that I shall never forget. A broad valley lay between us and Mount Hood, which rose up shapely and white, its foothills of warmest green. Rich orchards made geometrical patterns, and these were broken by clumps of tall trees, among which were nestled farm-houses. It was a space of country inhabited by people who did not expect to put fifty cents into the ground and take out ten dollars, therefore Nature had repaid ten and twenty fold; as she always does with people who look forward to the future with selfless prescience. The sight reminded me of a story I once heard, how a Hampshire land-

owner had given instructions to his man to plant two lines of walnut and apple trees in certain positions. When the land-owner returned, he found that his man had reversed the lines. "But," said the man, "I did think that when you and me was dead them walnuts would shade them apple trees." He had given future generations a thought.

Being at Portland, it will pay any one to make the circle-run through McMinnville and Tillamook to Astoria, if for no other purpose than to enjoy the sight of the sea at Cannon Beach, for a few miles. At low water, when the sea breaks at the foot of Haystack Rock and the Needles, and the gulls are flocking to feed on what the sea has left stranded, and when the golden sands are as smooth and level as a billiard table, and when thin grey clouds stretch along the horizon, and the pale-blue sea meets a pale-blue sky, the natural beauty of the spot cannot but fill one with gratitude for a world wonderful. It was hereabouts, I think, that the *Tonquin* dropped anchor, and the one-eyed chief, Comcomly, who played so large a part in the settlement of Astoria, made friends with the white settlers.

## OREGON'S CRÆSUS

Oregon, of course, has its rich man whose story we heard. It is Big Bill Hanley, the Colonel of the Pacific Slope, who owns a quarter of a million acres, it is said, between the Cascade and the Blue Mountains. He started life as a hay cutter, branched out by collecting wild mountain cattle, did a little horse trading, organised cross country cattle drives to Salt Lake and other cities, began to make big money with the coming of railroads into his territory, dipped into state politics, lived on terms of intimacy with the Indians to his great gain, and, seeing things growing about him to his advantage, became a sort of homespun philosopher. His friends quote many of his sayings which have an original ring about them, quite unlike the ring of the sayings attributed to Henry Ford which give an impression of the automobile manufacturer being surrounded by clever ventriloquists and illusionists. Thus, for example, Bill Hanley is quoted as saying:—"Something haunts city men—Fear. It's the leading ghost of life. Get out of doors: that's the cure. Get out and fill up with something besides routine. Walls, desks, files—never a new thing blows through their lives. . . . The city man never once breaks through into space."

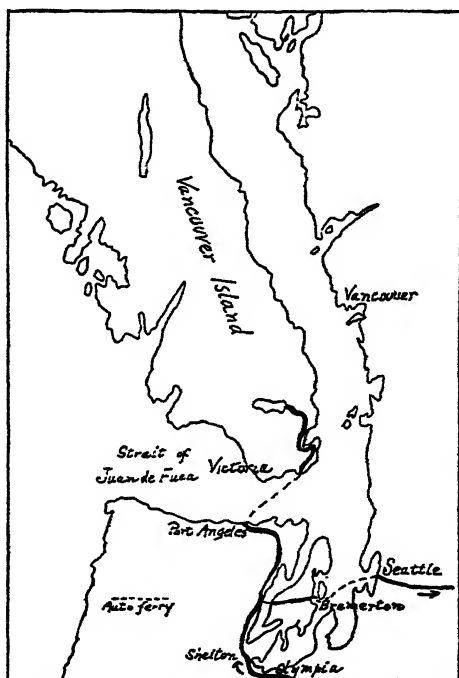
Again: "A man living in town gets so he

depends too much on books for his knowledge. Goes to a book for everything, reads up on it—reads something some one else has already found out. When you read too much you lose your power to receive fresh ideas out of space. Depend on being fed, can't get it yourself. When you let loose of instinctive knowledge, you maybe lose more than you gain."

They tell good tales, too, about Bill Hanley, especially one about how he met an old crony, and, because of prohibition, celebrated the meeting by drinking buttermilk. But, according to Hanley, when he praised the drink, his friend said, gloomily, "You watch out, Bill. No tellin' but one of these here reformers is listenin'. If they find out that you like it, they'll sure make a law sayin' you can't have it."

Then there is this which has a prophetic ring: "The leisure class seems to be increasing too fast. They all want to live in apartments because homes are too much trouble. The people are on a big jamboree of bond selling, credits, discounts, interest, instalment plan, cars. There'll come a halt. There must. Too big a bunch of cattle is on the same feedin' ground. . . . The commercial end's too strong. . . . The whole country's drunk on ridin' in cars—just turnin' wheels to put their past behind them. . . . Too much luxury has its debt to pay sooner or later."

We chose to run along the east coast of the Olympic Peninsula, heading for Port Angeles, though we made the run from Shelton to the



port between 3 A.M., and 7 A.M., on a chilly, foggy morning, so as to catch the Victoria ferry. Shelton rests in my mind as the only place where we kept a mechanical music slot-machine going while we ate our dinner, the evening before our early morning run. The restaurant owned two



slot-machines, one of them a blaring, blatant, pounding, ear-shattering phonograph, supplied with de-rum-de-dum—de-rum-de-dum—de-rum-de-dum-he *Da* CRASH! records. The other was a very ingenious piece of mechanism, with two violins played by means of revolving discs, and a mechanical piano accompaniment well modulated, the four selections on the programme all being good. By feeding coins into the violin machine we prevented operation of the other, so got along very well. If you remember your Pepy's Diary, you will recall the entry in which the good man tells of going to "the Musique meeting at the Post office," where "a new instrument was brought called the Arched Viall, played by . . . a piece of parchment always kept moving, and the strings which by the keys are pressed down upon it are grated in imitation of a bow, by the parchment; and so it was intended to resemble several vyalls played on with one bow, but so basely and harshly, that it will never do. After three hours stay it could not be fixed in tune." It was the fore-runner of the instrument we heard. But this of ours was in very good tune, the tone accurate. Had I passed a house and heard the music, I would have supposed that the playing proceeded from some one with great vitality, interested in a fine technical exhibition.

The Victoria ferry slid out into a grey mist, and the whistle gave loud cries of warning to an empty world, we thought, until we ran out of the fog bank and caught sight of great grey warships, that had gathered for some display at Tacoma. Then the fog came again, dropping like a theatre curtain, so we saw no more until it lifted again as we tied up at the Victoria dock. While we waited to disembark, I heard two young Canadian ladies who stood in front of me discussing a thin book of poetry, and I managed, presently, to get a sight of its title, which was *A Pagoda of Jewels*, by Moon Kwan. They were laughing merrily at the ending of a queer poetic effort, clever enough in its pidgin English, which ran, as I heard it read:—

“Ah, me wantta know  
What made Walt Whitman so  
Swell with fame  
And people tell his name?

“He got a beard white an long.  
That what made known his song!  
Me thenk me gonta get one too.  
Meybee it will advertise poor Loo.”

The poem was entitled “Loo Koo—Noodle Poet,” and I have since sought, in vain, for the book. That little sample whetted my appetite for more.

Victoria and Vancouver Island must be

among the healthiest places in the world. I recall a succession of faces, the rosiest conceivable. Perhaps that is partly due to the fact that Victoria imposes neither municipal income nor personal property taxes. It may be due to the climate, for they know no blizzards, no extreme heat, no violent winds, and the annual rainfall is only twenty-seven inches, which greatly belies all that I had been told as to the raininess of the region. Their streets are thoroughfares, and not canyons of stone and brick. I visited their library and found it well furnished and well attended. We walked through the city gardens, and the zoological garden; saw the warm sea-water swimming pool, and the peacock promenade, and the museum with its fine collection of Indian relics, and the bookshops. We drank good ale without feeling that we were degrading our intellectual and moral life. We found and sampled the wares in the fried-fish shop, and the pork-pie and sausage-roll shop, and the tea room where they served real muffins and crumpets, and the store where we could buy a good set of chess-men, without the store-keeper confusing chess and parchisi. In the park we passed the time of day with an apple-cheeked man of near eighty years of age, who told us that he was born in the Orkney Islands, but had spent his young years in New Zealand and the South Sea Islands, and

(though I cannot imagine why), who revealed something of his political philosophy by saying, sagely, that business has been abandoning its proper sphere of late and tending to usurp the functions of government; when he got on economics we parted.

Then we decided to go to Seattle by a new and pleasant way, which I recommend. We returned to Port Angeles, where we had left our car, and motored along the Strait of Juan de Fuca, and the harbour where the ill-fated *Tonquin* came to its end; then south by a pleasant winding road along Lake Leland, where we could see Mount Olympus on our right hand, and so to the little village of Brinnon. There we ran down to the picturesque wharf, and waited for the little ferry boat to take us to Seabeck, three or four miles away. We were the only passengers, and the skipper, a man from Maine, whose father had been a whale-fisher, showed himself to be very friendly indeed. On his invitation I went up into the steering room (the *texas*, as the Mississippi pilots call it), and the old salt fell to talking. He told me of sloops that could be bought, or hired for long trips, when I spoke of my desire to go sailing in the Aleutian waters. Then, like all water-dogs, he confided to me how he intended to settle down some day, and made a little mind-picture of the sort of place he wanted

—one where he could raise all that he needed, and so be free of parasitical, piratical tradesmen. He made me see the kind of home he wanted—a white cottage with a garden, red curtains at the windows, roses hugging the walls, a sturdy chimney, a straight white path of gravel, well-behaved pigs and chickens, a tall poplar and a green gate, himself sitting on a bench by the door, his wife riding home in a buggy. In his boyhood reading he had developed an appetite for the works of Sir Walter Scott, and, having saved money, he once went to Walter Scott's land, so he had something to say about Melrose, and Kelso, and the Tweed, and Quentin Durward, and Tressilian, and Amy Robsart. "And," said he, flinging out a hand in the direction of Port Ludlow, "I like this water because it reminds me of *The Lady of the Lake*, somehow. I suppose I'll stay here all my days, though I do dream of a shore life. A liking for the water is like friendship: the older it is, the stronger it grows."

So, with such good companionship, the ride to Seabeck was all too short. But then we enjoyed the run to Bremerton too, though we did not cap the pleasure of it by going to the Navy yard, as we might have done. Next came the ferry to Seattle, the boat moving at half speed because of dense drifting fog, sounding hoarse warnings to a narrow world—warnings that

seemed useless until, out of the grey, came a ship so near that we could see the people on the deck, the gems of foam at her bows. And, being at Seattle, we made a pilgrimage to the campus of the University, because I wanted to recapture something of the joy I knew when, on a summer day, under the trees, the representative of the American Library Association presented me with the Newbery medal. Perhaps it is not in the best taste to drag that piece of reminiscence into this story; but what will you? It was one of my proud moments; and another came when the book, for which the medal was awarded, was translated into Braille for use of the blind. As old Coryate would have said: "For mine owne parte the joy in itt doth soe well and rise up in mee that it needs must out."

#### EN ROUTE

There were some who warned us against the route we intended to take to Cœur d'Alene, because of heavy road repairs. One of the warners treated me with extreme frigidity after he had said his say, because he discovered that I did not subscribe to the Automobile Association. He, newly enlisted, had all the pervading enthusiasm of any neophyte. But then his advice was intended for others, especially for those luxurious people who are victims of great

wealth, and who ride in high-powered and glittering cars, and who are as sensitive to bumps as the princess of the fairy tale whose high breeding, you remember, enabled her to detect the presence of a pea under seven mattresses. Yet, how have pleasure without some trouble? How know day if we knew no night, or summer if we knew no winter? No one can plan out a tour (or a life), as a Dutch gardener lays out his flower beds, in mathematical exactness. For my own part, I see little when travelling in luxury, in a closed car; therefore conclude that luxury dwarfs, arrests, weakens; so is an evil. It is a sort of sensual indulgence, therefore a sign of decadence. A rough road helps to cultivate faculties, to give chauffeur and passenger a firmer grasp of things, and a clearer view. It inspires to vividity, and to activity, and to fresh faith in the machine, and to hope, and to courage; all of which are favourable to life, because they are favourable to growth. Ease long continued is a deceptive light that leads to destruction. So we went our chosen way, pondering on such matters.

Now our company was perfect in itself, yet there were times when I found myself wishing for the presence of a certain friend who has a deep passion for landscape photography. There were so many pictures that we saw, of

mountains softened by morning mists, and others no less wonderful in the light of golden afternoons. I see, in memory, enchanted forests and woods: hemlock, spruce, white and red cedar, swamp ash, cottonwood, white oak, willow, walnut—great trees hoary aged—shrub and tangled boscage. I see (it was when we came through Snoqualmie Pass) Mount Kendall to the north, and the silver mirror, called Kachess Lake, and its little sister. I see the long line of the Wenatchee Mountains, darkest green against a crimson sky, tall Puritan pines whispering on the lower hills, silver-coated cows standing contented in a nearby pool, a smoke-blue shadow on the valley. When we crossed a height, we came in sight of the green Columbia River; almost where those strange adventurers wandered who left the Astorian expedition, and who, being found many months later, went with their rescuers for a few days, but decided that freedom counted for more than the restraints of civilisation, so returned to the wilds. I see, too, Wenatchee and its orchards, a rich sight with a tremendous dash of strong colour where the sun fell, the distant town a patch of pearl grey, seen through a net-work of pine boughs, and, on the edge of town, a reservoir green as emerald. Most beautiful of all was the sight of Cœur d'Alene Lake, with its odd suggestion of Windermere, on a gigantic scale; with its



river, that fed it, drifting lazily through a green meadow; and the road that wound among trees at the lake's end; and the grey-white beach, with silvery gleam of wavelets; and a grassy slope, where placid sheep grazed. The lake and its adjacent territory might well have been made into a National Park.

Because of such sights, we were better enabled to tackle the desolation that came in the Butte country—those drear plains and plateaux that had none of the glory of the desert; with so many sad sights of abandoned houses, where men had tried to wring a subsistence from an unwilling soil. Full of faith they tried, but faith failed, and now there is none to sing their godlike deeds, though hundreds have sung of the Daniel Boones, and the John Colters, and the Kit Carsons, and the John Days, who went with gun into the wilderness to have no hard time at all, but, instead, a very glorious life; with freedom, and abundant food, and a new scene to meet their eyes at every sunrise. But those others, the pioneer farmers who lived lives of deadly monotony, who were always half-starved, and ill-clothed, and badly sheltered, have been buried in oblivion. They knew not liberty, nor wide life, nor delight of any sort. They did sore penance for promoters' sins.

## A SIDE TRIP

Before we left the town of Butte, Montana, we had a discussion, and a counting up of money, to see if we could take a side trip into Canada; but, with something of disappointment, decided that we could not. However, chancing to meet a man with money and time who wanted to know the way, we sent him forth. I had taken the trip two years before, with Helen. Here is the route. First, get to Calgary, which is easy, because you follow the road to Helena, then to Great Falls, and so along the east side of the Glacier National Park, then into Canada to Lethbridge, and so to Calgary. Soon after leaving that pleasant mountain town, the hills outline themselves against the sky as finely as a cloud. Banff, nestled in mountains, is no more than eighty-six miles from Calgary, and pleasanter ride it would be hard to find. To the south, as you go, are the Three Sisters Mountains; beyond them, Mount Assiniboine, and, to the north, the Fairholm mountains. And at Banff one of the good sights to see is the Sundance Valley at sunrise. When first the mountain tops are touched with rose-gold, and the snow peaks of the Paliser Range shine like silver, and the shadows in the valley shrink; when smooth hills become precipitous, and the narrow lake turns to emerald—then it seems as

if a man might drift to eternity, in such a place, in contentment.

At Banff we witnessed one of those interesting spectacles which some one in Canada is always arranging. Sometimes it is a Highland festival, with bagpipe music, and sword dances, and Highland reels, and a meeting of members of different clans, and experts who are much concerned with "Aodach-suaich eantas," which means the national costume complete, with badge. Sometimes it is a national gathering of Icelanders, Danes, Swedes, Norwegians. Sometimes it is a meeting of people from the Gaspé Peninsula, who weave, and spin, and carve wood, and sing very old folk-songs. This time it happened to be a meeting of the Stony Indian tribe, marshalled by Jim Brewster, whose soul's kinship to Buffalo Bill stood revealed and exemplified by the opening parade. For the Indians were the Indians of Fenimore Cooper, and of Wheeler, and of Irving, and of Colonel Prentiss Ingraham of Beadle's Half-Dime Library. They were feathered, and painted, and bedizened, and ornamented; and they looked too fierce to be true. Their horses were striped and spotted, with red and yellow and green, and decorated with ribbons and bows and feathers. There were sachems, and sagamores, and medicine men, and squaws with two, and sometimes three, papooses hung about them,

and braves with bows and arrows, and bearers of the calumet, and ceremonial dancers, and guardians of the tribal mythologies, and carriers of the Thunderbird, and tribal prophets. After the parade there were horse races, wrestling on horseback, shooting contests, songs and dances, and a wild and thrilling scene involving a rescue from the sacrificial stake, with Good triumphant and Evil defeated. And every one who saw found it very attractive, even exciting; and a gentleman who writes books about the Wild West, but never ventures far from civilisation's ease, took copious notes; and doubtless congratulated himself upon his good fortune in thus getting into close contact with primitive man. Perhaps it was better than the real thing could have been; for the actors worked things up to a dramatic crisis, and those who were behind the scenes did what they had to do with prodigious industry; so the necessary effect was produced upon the imagination of the audience.

Leaving Banff, the road runs by a precipitous gorge, the Sawback Range on one side, and the Bow Range on the other. Halfway to Lake Louise is a canyon of striking beauty up which one must walk to the side of a mountain torrent, to where a mighty roaring announces a waterfall. The water is clear until, thundering, it dashes into white, down a ragged cliff, and into a pool, where it becomes a fury of foam. But,

less than a quarter of a mile away, all that furious energy and passion becomes a mountain stream on a blithe holiday; then, later, it turns a mill. The wild youth has taken his solid, defined position in the world.

Lake Louise is a tamed beauty, jewelled and dressed, her wild pride subdued, her loveliness sheltered, the way to her palace made smooth. Were it not so, few people could come to knowledge of her, for not many know nature in her wildness and barbaric gorgeousness, if steepness of hill and tangle of wildwood must be encountered. The deep shades of deepest forests are for the adventurous few. Granite strength can be known only by those of granite strength. It is a picture of strange richness of tone, that lake of flashing, glowing topaz, its warm green frame of wooded, lofty hills, its soft blue mists.

We headed west by south, through the Kicking Horse Pass and into the Columbia River Valley, and there the sun-set lit the world, after we left the town of Golden. So gallant a sight and display of colour, when the dropping light touched the mountain, I never saw. The solid mass became transparent; it seemed a thing delicate as mist, likely to vanish in a moment. It became a wonder of gold and purple and crimson. When the shadow of another mountain touched its base, it took on the appearance of a floating cloud that radiated golden light.

Then it changed to emerald of palest hue, and became a mountain again, a magic mountain, translucent and shimmering. As the sun fell, it turned to deepest violet; then a foothill hid it from our sight.

Early the next morning I left the log house where we had spent the night, and walked to a little shanty where I found an interesting man. By his looks it was easy to see that his business and calling was that of prospector; even had I failed to notice the box of rock samples at his door. In the manner of his kind, he began to talk of wealth in the hills, and, so talking, picked up one rock after another to point out signs and indications. His discourse bristled with information about assays revealing wealth, and, as he discoursed, his eyes twinkled very happily. He went on to tell of his wanderings—in Texas, Mexico, New Mexico, Arizona; and of hold-ups, and glorious times in California, and of wealth and poverty coming to him by turns. It was no old liar chattering, but a hard-fisted adventurer, careless, often dissolute; one, to quote his words, “who had never passed up anything that came his way in wine or woman.” At the age of seventy-four he had married, having, as he expressed, “escaped matrimony better than most.”

Now as he talked, he sometimes took off his cap, which had ear flaps, and I noticed that he

lacked the top half of his right ear, so I fished for information, and he told me the tale. He had, he said, through all those years of adventure kept his body intact, until he tried the management of a Ford car. One day, running along one of the precipitous mountain roads, with the keener edge of his judgment gone, because of Gordon's Dry Gin, his car overturned and rolled down the slope. But he hung fast to the wheel, and, presently came to a stop, to find himself pinned down in such way that his ear was held between running board and a rock; nor could he extricate himself. "I done my best," said he, "then gettin' tired of bein' cramped, got out my pocket knife and cut myself loose." But he had acted a little too early, for no sooner did he get to his feet and fall to stanching the blood, than a Chinaman named Ah Fat came along. And the irony of things so annoyed him, that he fell on Ah Fat and beat him severely for not coming sooner. Now, as it happened, I knew that same Ah Fat, for I had seen his advertisement on a window in Bassano, where he kept a restaurant, and where I took a meal. The legend on his window read

### FAT'S BUM COFFEE

and had been painted by some jocular, wandering sign-painter in gold lettering. Nor did

advertisement ever testify truer. More evil beverage never passed my lips.

Headed east again, we went through Crow's Nest Pass, where, in days long past gone, I drove a team of mules when working for the construction company that built the railroad. At that time a little village stood at the east entrance of the pass; but when I looked for it I saw nothing but a rocky hill, with many huge rocks as large as houses. But a railed-in monument bore an inscription, telling the tale of the village's disappearance. It perpetuated the memory of three hundred inhabitants who were buried under the hill. For, one night, there came a slight shifting of the rocks at the foot of the mountain precipice; then a sliding, and a falling, that changed the bluff into a cave, followed by rapid disintegration of the cave. Then, as an insecurely built child's castle of stones leans, topples, falls—so the mountain split asunder, and the face of it came crashing, burying village and people thirty and more feet deep. Thus vanished a world of human hopes, and sufferings, and appetites, and desires. Nature thundered in the background, though that mighty thundering was, after all, a mere shifting of particles, an infinitesimal change. And of all who lived in that town, none escaped except a baby girl, who was found unhurt.



We took the road to Waterton Lake, a body of water which runs south into Montana, and, in a gasoline boat, ran the ten-mile length of it. On both sides of the lake are hills of pleasant outline, pine clad, and the still waters, under a calm and sunny sky, have the delicate tint of aquamarine.

As for trouble at the custom's office on the border, it does not exist. Such was the courtesy of the officer, that, had I a concealed bottle of liquor, I would most certainly have delivered it up voluntarily.

"Your faces," said the officer, "are your credentials." With that, and a pleasant word of greeting, who could have played false? Entering Canada, the officials had been no less pleasant. Proximity to such cordiality guarantees fair play.

So there, in brief, is the side-tour, if you remember Glacier Park, which is a place of snow-capped mountains, of glaciers, of precipices, of mountain lakes, of excessively steep climbs, of rock-strewn ridges, of towering cliffs, and deep valleys. But that 1,534 square miles of scenery can be learned about in the Government Handbook.

#### YELLOWSTONE PARK

So we came to Yellowstone Park and again saw Colter's Hell, as men called it, in derision,

when they heard the story told by that Ulysses of the Rockies, John Colter, who discovered the place in 1807. And it is curious how the early transcontinental wanderers remained ignorant of the area which is now Yellowstone Park. The adventurers sent out by John Jacob Astor, to the mouth of the Columbia River, went south of the volcanic area, through the Peytons, and across lower Idaho, taking what seems to be the most difficult way it was possible to take. Captain Bonneville did the same. But there was one lone wanderer, no one knows his name, who carved on a tree in Yellowstone, "J.O.R. Aug. 19, 1819." Joseph L. Meek rediscovered the geyser basin in 1829, and told the world about it, but forty years later people were still disbelieving. Indeed, as late as 1876, a Washington, D. C., writer named Strong was delivering himself with doubt in his heart, thus:

"For fifty or sixty years stories have been afloat among the hunters and trappers of the western territories of a wonderful and mysterious country lying somewhere on the Yellowstone River, near its source, which the Indians never visited but shunned as the abode of evil spirits; where the rumble of earthquakes was heard every day and night; where volcanoes were to be found emitting huge columns of boiling water; where brimstone and sulphur burst through the ground and flowed to great streams,

forming lakes and rivers; where the mountains were rent asunder, creating chasms and canyons thousands of feet in depth; a country where buffalo, elk and deer never were seen."

The first expedition was led into the mysterious country by David E. Folsom, who went in from the Montana side, and, having seen, hesitated in writing of his experiences, fearing ridicule. That his hesitancy to tell the truth had sound reason, is proved by the way N. P. Langford's tale was received; and Langford was the articulate member of the Washburn-Doane expedition, in 1872. His story, people said, was of the Gulliver-Münchhausen variety. But the human mind is a queer machine, and, given easy transportation, people accept wonders as every-day occurrences. Also they marvel at perfectly comprehensible results, as when, to-day, they wonder at a depression that is world wide, and fail to realise that business is not an organisation able to stand the terrific shocks of nations turned from producers into destroyers, and that we have reached a point where we must either turn from war, or abolish it, lest we perish.

However, we were there to enjoy, not to discuss philosophy. So we explored Jupiter Terrace; drank the waters of Apollinaris Springs; gave bears butter and oranges of which we had no further need; picked up pieces of obsidian,

at the Obsidian Cliff, and later lost them, as we had lost our fossil fish. For, if you will notice, it is almost impossible for travellers to carry away much with them, which is why adventurers who went into the wilds brought away nothing. We boiled an egg in the Frying Pan Hot Spring, watched artists painting the Yellowstone Canyon, looked long at Gibbon Falls, rowed on Yellowstone Lake, saw old Faithful erupt three times, admired Morning Glory Pool, and heard a woman there tell another woman (because of some strange association of ideas) how she had trouble in getting her washing done at home. We played chess and fed sea-gulls near the Lake Geyser, were fascinated by the Mud Geysers, saw Grasshopper Glacier, looked at the "cinders" floating on Cinder Pool, and, because of the kindly intercession of Pallas Athene, witnessed an eruption of the Lioness Geyser, which is a rare sight. We heard the oft-told and untrue tale of how a man jumped into the crater of Old Faithful and was seen no more; and that other tale of how a newly wed couple fell into a boiling lake. We looked at the Dragon's Mouth, saw the fossil deer tracks, and heard some one instructing his nervous coloured chauffeur, in all seriousness, the proper conduct to be observed when bears threatened.

Said the man, "All you've got to do when a

bear chases you is to throw yourself on the ground and hold your breath. The bear will smell around you, then, supposing you to be dead, will go away."

The negro asked in return, "But what if the bear snuffs at me longer 'n I c'n hold my breff?"

But here was an adventure and a spectacle set for us by the high gods. We were walking idly in the geyser ground, when, with a roar, followed by an uplift of muddy water, then a great gushing of clear white and steaming water, a geyser began to erupt. Supposing it nothing but an ordinary sight, we looked on, only mildly impressed until a man came running, who shouted something to us as he passed, though all that we heard was "... lucky thing." But presently, reading the signboard, we found that we had seen a rare sight in the unexpected spouting of the Splendid Geyser, which had not erupted for thirty-nine years. Meanwhile Old Faithful kept up his steady work, but smaller geysers near by temporarily suspended their operations. Truly is it said, adventures are to the adventurous.

#### THE PLAINS

A word in season, messieurs! Looking at a road map, then noting the townless span between Yellowstone and Denver, it would be

wrong to give way to despair because of what seems to be a dull stretch. True, it is a dun-coloured and sage-brush sprinkled territory after you leave the pass where the Big Horn River runs through the Owl Creek Mountains; but it is not monotonous with the monotony that you encounter when crossing Saskatchewan, or in going from Vaughn to Roswell, in New Mexico. Here there is always something on the horizon; for many miles the Wind River Mountains, and the Granite Mountains are on your right, and the Big Horn Mountains on your left. And if you are of the kind to pity yourself, then consider the sheep-herder's lot! For you will see one or two of that brotherhood standing on a hill-side, his three thousand black-looking Merino sheep scattered over a square mile or more, the man without resting place or shade, and doomed to be on foot from sun-up to sun-set with no human companionship.

Anyway, few places in this multitudinous and gloriously adventurous world of ours are dull if you yourself are vivid; and if you are not vivid, then no place is interesting. And, on these plains, if you have not forgotten your Washington Irving's *Astoria*, you will have food in plenty for reflection, especially when you ponder over what it meant to go on from day to day at the pace that the Astorians, and other early trans-continental parties, went. In

that connection consider this, which is significant. At one moment I looked at the distance dial when it recorded the number.

42688

and, twenty minutes later saw that it stood at

42700

for we were travelling at a very moderate rate of speed while talking about General Custer and the sad end of his company. It is hardly possible to indulge in leisurely conversation and rapid speed. Now if you figure, you will find that twelve miles in twenty minutes means thirty-six miles an hour, which is slow enough as people travel to-day. But to make that hour's run of thirty-six miles, the explorers I have mentioned would have taken three days! For pioneers on a long march rarely pushed their horses to fifteen miles a day. Ten or twelve miles a day was the average. So our ordinary day's run would have meant a month or travel for the Astorians. And, talking about horses, there is this to be noted and remembered in a day when the way of a horse is almost unknown—never did men riding the Pony Express go at the break-neck speed indicated by old prints. A slow gallop of about six miles an hour is all that good riders would expect from a horse on a long distance, while the jog-trot of from four to five miles an hour is the most common. Yet, on rare occasions, men have

ridden a hundred miles a day on one horse, but they were such men as had a good hand, a good seat, and who understood the horse so well that man and beast were as one.

And, while on the subject of speed ancient and modern, there is something important to consider, which is this: With our latter-day rapid travel we are inclined to cultivate a sort of indifference to the passing pageant; whereas those who went more leisurely achieved an actual conquest of things. They were leisurely enough to see and to absorb. They beheld a million sights where we who sweep across country see almost nothing. And, when you come to think of it, what really matters is not the distance travelled, but that the outlook shall be significant, and that the mind shall be alive. Progress can never depend upon speed. One might travel around the world so fast that seas and continents, mountain chains and plains and valleys might appear as a nightmare blur, but so much would be seen that one would see nothing. On the other hand an observant man might walk no more than five miles, as did Thoreau, or Charles Darwin, to return from the walk immeasurably enriched, and so able again to enrich the world. Without interest and perception the most elaborate of tours must needs be fruitless and dreary. Also, every thoughtful person must agree that with fast



travel conversation is apt to languish. Where would have been that matchless biography if Dr. Johnson and Boswell had made their journeys in airplanes? How slim would have been the conversations between Goethe and Eckermann if those two had taken their airings in speed-boats?

Writing about conversation reminds me: We were, I said, talking about General Custer, the subject having come up because we remembered seeing a copy of the last message of Custer; or, more properly speaking, part of the last message, for much had been obliterated by the blood of the trooper, who fell while carrying it. The fragment read

### “RENO

for god's sake send help  
 I am surrounded and can't  
 break through I have only  
 40 troopers left and cant hold  
 out another minute I nt  
 send lan to you as he's  
 dead enough bucks

evacuate you osition  
 join me for gods sake  
 hurry. Am entrenched along  
 the Big Horn Basin

“CUSTER.”

For me, that brought a vision of the sad little hill on which the tragedy took place, and I did not shake off the melancholy impression until we stopped at a gasoline station, a ramshackle joint which was a mere shanty and outhouse. While the man was filling our tank, I, being attracted by the sound of maudlin singing, went to the barn, mainly because the song was one I had heard years ago when I lived in the Devil's River country. It was a song that had entirely slipped from my mind, but it came back at a line heard. The singers, both half seas over, were squatted on their heels, releasing their souls without any appearance of joyfulness, and singing to a tune curiously compounded of "Auld Lang Syne," and "Jock the Jolly Ploughboy." Here is the song, if any should be misguided enough to treasure plains' songs. (I have often doubted whether any cowboy song is worth preserving except "The Bold Vaquero," which is finely spirited, and which, by the way, I have heard well sung only once, and that by a man named Wallace Clarke who lives at Canyon City, and is not a cowboy. But cowboy singers are as rarely encountered as horn-pike dancing sailors.) However, here is the song called "Old New Mexico," as I remember it, which was once very popular in the days when one could ride from San Antonio to Doug-

las, Arizona, without dismounting to open a gate.

“I found myself in Griffin in the spring of ’83  
When a noted cow-driver one day came up to  
me.

Says: ‘How d’ye do, young fellow, and how’d  
you like to go

And spend the summer pleasantly out in New  
Mexico?’

“I being out of employment to the driver I did  
say,

‘Me going out to Mexico depends upon the  
pay,

But if you pay good wages and transportation  
to and fro

I guess I’ll go along of you to old New  
Mexico.’

“‘Of course I pay good wages, and transportation too,

Provided that you stay with me the whole long  
summer through,

And if e’er you get all homesick and want to  
Griffin go

I’ll even lend a horse to go from old New  
Mexico.’

“With all this flattering talk the man enlisted  
quite a few,

Some ten or twelve in number, and clever fellows too.

Our trip was right smart pleasant and we were  
glad to go,  
Until we reached old Boggy Creek out in New  
Mexico.

“Right there our pleasure ended, and troubles  
soon began,  
The first hail storm that hit us sent the cattle  
on the run.  
In riding through the cactus we had but little  
show,  
And Indians watched to shoot us on the hills of  
Mexico.

“The summer season ended, the driver could not  
pay,  
The outfit cost so heavy, he was in debt, I’ll  
lay.  
We saw the game was bankrupt, and knew we  
wouldn’t go  
To leave our bones to whiten there in old New  
Mexico.

“So now we’ll cross old Boggy Creek, and home-  
ward we are bound,  
No more in this tough country we’ll evermore  
be found.  
We’re going to wives and sweethearts to tell  
them not to go  
To that god-forsaken country they call New  
Mexico.”

Which reminds me: While unemployment in  
the Far West, according to the song, was not un-

known in '83, it was not a matter serious enough to give concern. The unemployed were sufficiently assured of early activities as to be able to argue about the pay, as the poet shows. But we saw many a man with his pack on his back, looking for a job, and tramping from town to town, nor would have they dickered for wages and transportation. One with whom I talked when we were crossing Oklahoma told me that he lived in Tulsa and had a grand plan. So I asked him to divulge it, and he did. He said that he would gather up men of all trades, then trek as the Mormons did, making for the Ozark country that was lightly settled and where land could be had at a low price. "And," said he, cheerfully, "if the tax collector will give us a chance, we'll make out all right."

Now to show that there is such a thing as having a goal and a direction, mark what follows. I am writing this paragraph on the last day of the year 1931, and yesterday I went with Charles and Helen to a partially stripped forest near the town of Eureka Springs, in the Ozarks. This is what I found. In a valley, through which a pleasant stream runs, and where there is still a considerable amount of timber in the hills, a hundred men, women and children from Tulsa, have commenced to make themselves a home here. In six weeks they have done wonders. They have made a road

through the forest, more than a mile long, from the highway to their settlement. They have built themselves shacks, made their furniture, started little experiments in rabbit and poultry raising, and are supplying the neighbouring town of Eureka Springs with firewood. They are not dreamers, but hard-headed men of many trades and occupations, some of them young men, some of them in husky middle-age, most of them married. It is so interesting an experiment that I shall watch it closely. For one thing they must work out some sort of economic arrangement and system of labour of exchange, for should the colony grow, as it seems likely to do, since they have more than five hundred families eager to join them, then the simple system of crediting a man with so many hours of labour may come to present difficulties. Meantime every one seemed high-hearted, the children were playing about in the open enjoying hugely the freedom after life in streets of houses, and the men were planning to plough and to plant and to preserve what they would raise. It did my heart good to see them so hopeful and energetic. And there were men there of hearty sort, so that I enjoyed their company. I had been warned that I would find them hard-boiled, but then what of it if I had? Men who have been frequently in hot water are apt to become hard-boiled.

To get back to that word in season about the plains, it was on the upper North Platte River where so many west-bound expeditions camped before they struck further west, employing the rest time in drying their meat, mending their clothes and equipment, and preparing for the mountains generally. And what a crowd it was, and how picturesque it appears in retrospect! There was the gasconading French-Canadian voyageur, cocky as a bantam rooster, long-haired, tam-o'-shantered, blanket-coated and gay with colour what with his fancy facings and knitted sash and furred cuffs, his scarf a glory of red and blue, his leggings fringed and tasselled, his scarlet necktie as much a part of his dress as his moccasins. The hunters from Missouri, or Kentucky, or Tennessee were more sober in appearance, patched and ragged, brown and dun what with homespun shirt, leather trousers, leather hat and belt, and canvas bag hanging at the right side, and especially the long squirrel gun always in hand. I have such a gun hanging over my desk, and look up at it to see a heavy weapon more than five feet long, thick of tube, a piece that took a stout man to handle. Yet with such an implement the frontiersmen could drive a nail into a tree, or "bark" a squirrel, which means killing it without hitting it. "Daniel Boone," writes a contemporary, "a stout, hale, athletic man . . .

bare legged and moccasined, carried a long and heavy rifle, which, as he was loading it, he said had proved efficient in all of his former undertakings, and which he hoped would not fail on this occasion. . . . The gun was wiped, the powder measured, the ball patched . . . and a charge sent home with a hickory rod. . . . Boone pointed to one of the animals which had observed us, and was crouched on a bank about fifty paces' distant, and bade me mark well where the ball would hit. . . . Judge of my surprise when I perceived that the ball had hit a piece of bark immediately underneath the squirrel, and shivered it into splinters. The concussion produced had killed the animal and sent it whirling through the air as if it had been blown up by the explosion of a powder magazine. Boone kept up his firing, and . . . procured as many squirrels as he wished. Since that first interview with the veteran Boone, I have seen many other individuals perform the same feat." It seems impossible that so fine a piece of shooting could have been done with so unpromising a weapon. But you never can tell. See what men do with bows and arrows, and with bole-dores, and with boomerangs! Reflect, too, upon the glory of such a life as was led by the pioneers—a feast or a famine, a free existence, the joy of rugged health, every day one of adventure, every hour an hour of experience of



growth, life always like a flashing river! Following the trail the first pioneers came others, good and bad, such as Buffalo Bill, Wild Bill, the James Boys, and a host of hard-cases who left a lurid record, who, too, on occasion, were not always innocent of a sort of stagy acting. Hard-cases will indulge in dramatics and clap-trap, as other men. But they did queer things, as when, in 1868, a gang of hard-case gamblers held up the town of Casper, then the liveliest gambling corner in the country, and defied authorities, took possession of the place, robbed trains, and carried on in so spirited a way that Federal troops had to take a hand. There is, again, a significant passage in Major Dodge's book entitled *How We Built the Union Pacific Railway*, telling how a crowd of gamblers took possession of the town of Julesburg, in Colorado, and, after holding it, and running it as what might be considered an anarchist settlement, law being abolished, were finally attacked by General Casement, whose body of troops were armed track-layers. It became a very sensational affair, with hard-cases, no less than men on whose side law and capital stood, displaying true heroic qualities of faith, hope, courage and conviction, and the end a tragedy. As a finale the General played up in a melodramatic way by taking Major Dodge to a little cemetery, then pointing to a triple row of

graves, said, "They all died with their boots on—but we achieved peace."

Nor must you forget the trek of the Mormons; and, let me say, while they, in part because of the rough and ready humour of Artemus Ward, have been made the butt of many jokes, are held in high esteem by the westerner. I remember the words of old Zack Sutley, one of the old-timers: "I have often thought that Brigham Young was a greater man than Moses, for Young led his people from Council Bluffs, through hostile territory much farther than Moses led the Israelites, and he made them happy and prosperous, while none of Moses' people ever reached the Promised Land."

#### LIABILITIES AND ASSETS

So we came to an end of our two months' tour when we again reached Denver; and, counting up, found that the entire cost for the four, all told, had been \$1,212.96, which, if my arithmetic is right, comes to \$303.24, or \$5.05 per day, each. That, I would have you observe, includes everything except depreciation of the car. We did not stint. We stayed indifferently at hotels, inns, or tourist camps, our only rule being that we would look out for a comfortable place after half past five each evening, never setting ourselves a task in the way of

destination for the day, and never travelling at night time except once, when we overstayed at an interesting place and had to make the town of Coarsegold, in California. On rare occasions we made a lunch en route, but otherwise took our meals when we were hungry without regard to time of day. We had travelled close upon 12,000 miles, had no more than two punctures but carrying two spare tires were free from anxiety. We were not loaded down with excess baggage, but rather chose to be a shade on the other side, buying what we needed if we found ourselves short of clothing. (And it is a good way to travel, as the old Squire, Sir Tatton Sykes did, starting with the clothes he stood up in, leaving his shirt with the first inn-keeper and borrowing a clean one, then reversing the process on his home journey. The Brazilians have a word for the practice. *De escoteiro*, they call it.) We kept no individual cash accounts, but chose our treasurer and left everything in the way of payments to him, hitting upon the final total cost by subtracting what we found in the fund, from the amount with which we originally started. Thus

Cash at the beginning..	\$1,250.00
Cash at end of trip.....	37.04

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Cost of trip.....	\$1,212.96
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## HARD TO QUIT

So the tour was at an end. But was there ever a congenial crowd that separated without regret? Was there ever a gay company that did not prolong its farewells? At any rate, our company could not, or thought it could not dissemble without a sort of Epilogue, the more because we met another sociable soul, in Denver, one Margaret who had come to accompany us home. Now be it known that we had left our baggage at the hotel, and were driving about Denver, when Helen seeing a road sign said, "What about Pueblo?"

"Pueblo let it be," said Charles, as he gave a turn to the steering wheel.

"But the baggage," cried Margaret in some alarm.

"There are such conveniences as telegrams, and express agencies and so on," remarked Pitz, who is effective above all things, and having so said, sat back in his seat like a stoical Roman Emperor. And thus it came to pass that we rolled into Pueblo, where, many years before I had ridden in, and hitched my horse to a rail in front of a saloon where now stands a well-appointed hotel. For in those days Pueblo was a town of side-walks of boards insecurely nailed, and of stores with false fronts, and of places where men played roulette while a guard-

ian sat high aloft on a step-ladder to see fair-play, and of tremendous spending when miners came into town, and of a local aristocracy driving high-steppers in stanhopes and glittering buggies, and of phonographs with wax cylinders and a slot into which the music lover dropped a nickel to hear a tune, and of talk about 16 to 1, and of such popular tunes as "The New Bully" and "The Bowery," and of leg o' mutton sleeves and high rucked front hair for stylish ladies, and the Yellow Kid as the most popular feature of Sunday supplements, and barber-shops that offered *Puck* and *Judge* and *The New York Police Gazette* to their customers; and when all men wore moustaches and high collars, and when the cartoonists who drew down big money were Eugene Zimmerman and C. G. Bush and Charles Nelan and Louis Dalrymple and Homer Davenport and Hy Mayer. It was about the time when the Rev. Joseph Griffis became somewhat of a national hero by telling the tale how, as a child, he had been kidnapped by Kiowa warriors, and lived with the Indians for many years until he forgot his white ways and believed himself to be an Indian until he was ten years old. In those days North Pueblo, Central Pueblo, South Pueblo and Bessemer were outlying villages. Also in those days men lived who remembered, and talked about the Mormon settlement that had been established tempora-

rily in Pueblo in 1848, and the trading post that was established in 1850, and how, in 1854, the Ute Indians massacred the residents of the post. And all men said that Pueblo would grow because of its agricultural and stock raising possibilities, and because of its coal and oil fields, and because of its deposits of limestone and iron ore. When next I visited Pueblo it had taken on airs, and loud sirens called 6,000 men to work in the C. F. & I. Company's works, and smelter whistles called another 3,000, and some 2,500 in overalls marched down to the railroad shops, and another 6,000 turned out at 6 A.M., to go to the factories and foundries. Also noble buildings had arisen—an Asylum, a Hospital, an Academy, a Public Library, a State Mineral Palace exhibiting a complete collection of the minerals of Colorado. And now, behold! a city beautiful. And see all sorts and conditions of men—men leading the life pretentious, others aiming at a life that shall fight its way out of plutocracy, others with visions of a world made fine with literature and art and music, others with visions of civic beauty, others who regret the disappearance of ancient traditions, others who see salvation in education of the masses, others of high ideals who see commercialism as a soulless monster that destroys the souls of men, others who see nothing but an eternal battle with the dreariness of life and so

drift into hopeless materialism. For it takes much to make a landscape, and only those who stand on far-flung heights are able to see the broadening of many paths into a road.

You wonder much at the Royal Gorge, especially at the world's steepest railway, the shortest railway too, for it is only 1,550 feet in length. Those 1,550 feet climb down the face of the precipice at an angle of 45 degrees, the cars operated by cable. And being at the bottom, looking up at the pinnacles that stand out against the sky, then looking at the black crags on the other side, it is not possible to believe that the rift could be made by that tumbling stream, until one tries to grasp the fact that all recorded history is but an infinitesimal drop in the world's progress. But the best view of the gorge is from the suspension bridge, at the middle of the 880 foot span, where the river looks like a mere rill, and the railway tracks like threads of finest wire, especially when over all lies the glory of sunshine.

#### MONEY OR YOUR LIFE?

So, there was the end, there were farewells, and there were \$1,220 gone for ever in a time of economic fear and perturbation. But who so poor in spirit as to refuse to exchange a miserable twelve hundred dollars for the gold of re-

membered happiness? The money lasted us for eight weeks, but, had we put it in any one of many hundreds of banks that have, in the silly language of the money market, "closed their doors," it might have lasted less than eight days, and we would have been the never ended prey of melancholy reflections. And, by the expenditure, what peaceful days and untroubled hours have been laid away in memory? What of that mirth and that great content which it is almost impossible to secure where crowds gather? What of the grace and seemliness of a hundred scenes in desert, and where the sun shone on grassy pastures, and where purple hills edged the world? What of joy at the sight of foam-tipped billows on racing seas, and of sombre forests, and of haze-hung mountains? What of the exchange of ideas in the course of a hundred conversations in which the real self was not hidden by trivial words which were as a screen? What of eager interest in the personalities we met, those common people who lived their philosophy, and those artists and writers with their lively sense of beauty? What of life lived fully and freely, although we did have to go back to the studio, and the office, and the school? What of the great discovery that dullness is not the natural lot of man? For life is sweet when it is lived in simplicity, and when things are enjoyed as a matter of enthusiasm,



and when each new day beckons to adventure, and when one flees, with good companions, from the complex organisation of society. Life flows like a flashing river when one does not have to plot and plan and scheme. And we need not everlastingly occupy ourselves with ends and aims. We need not forever be weighing, and examining, and analysing. We need not be pompous and elaborate always, strutting along grim commercial highways to the end that we may be admired and envied by men.

So here's a health to those who know how to enjoy that which leaves no bitter taste in the mouth! Here's to the vivid and the alert! Here's to those who know the breezy hill-top, and the pleasant wonders of the world, and the delight that is not won at the expense of others! Above all, here's to those who know the greatest thing in life—true companionship! For such are the salt of the earth, and they have touched hands with the gods.





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